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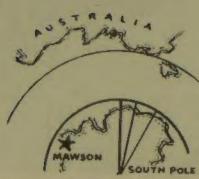


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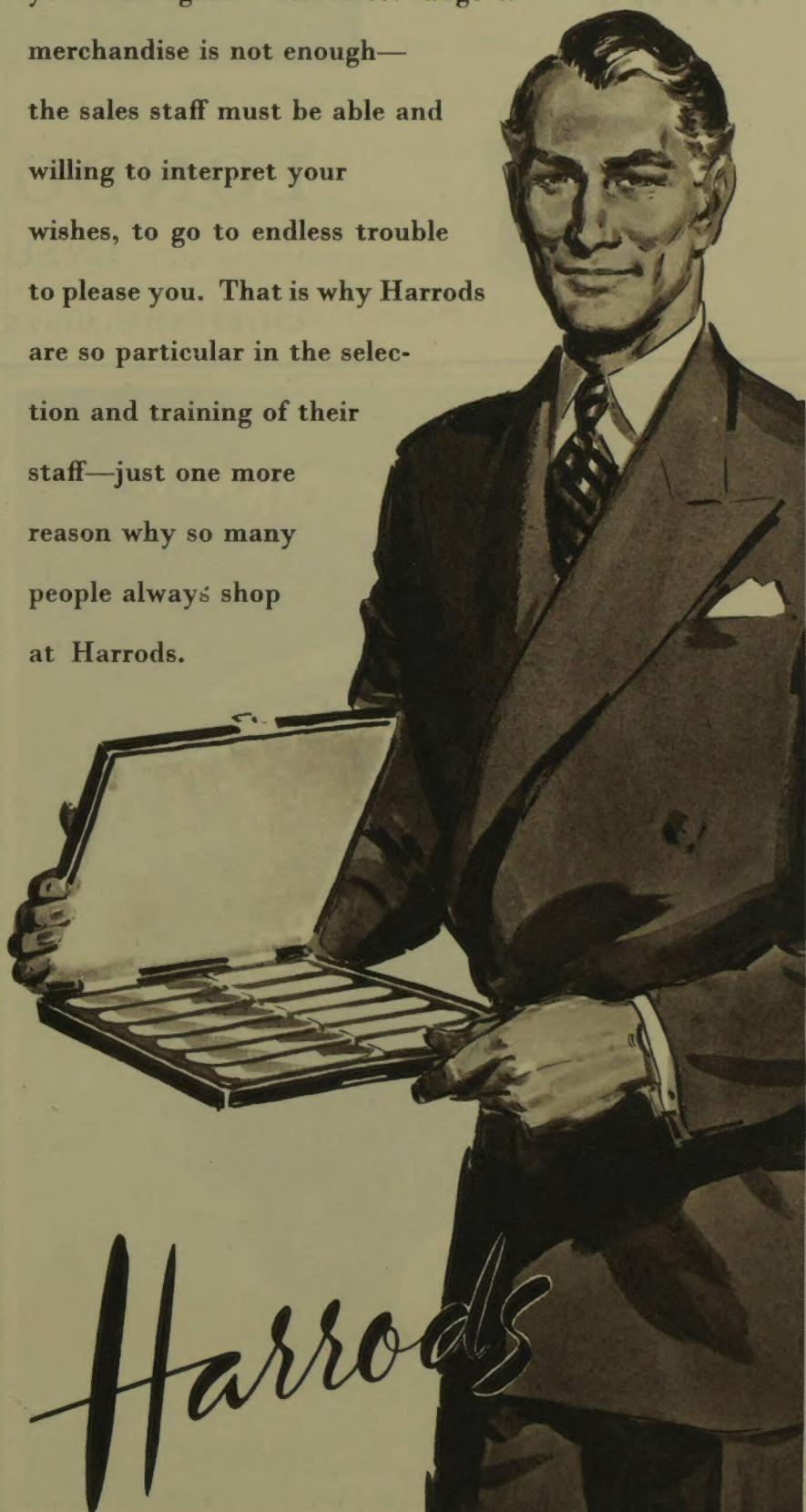
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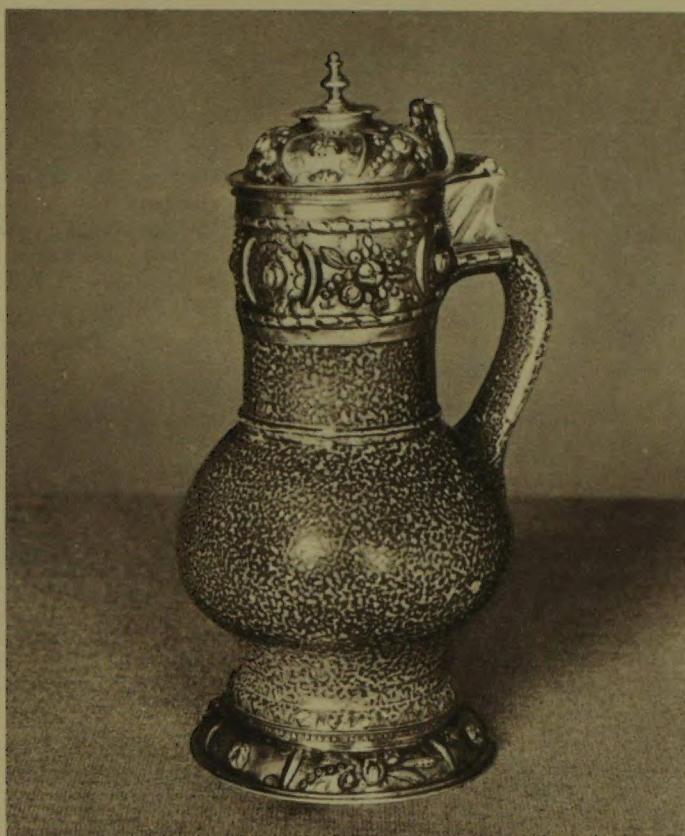
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TIGERWARE-JUG WITH SILVER-GILT MOUNTS

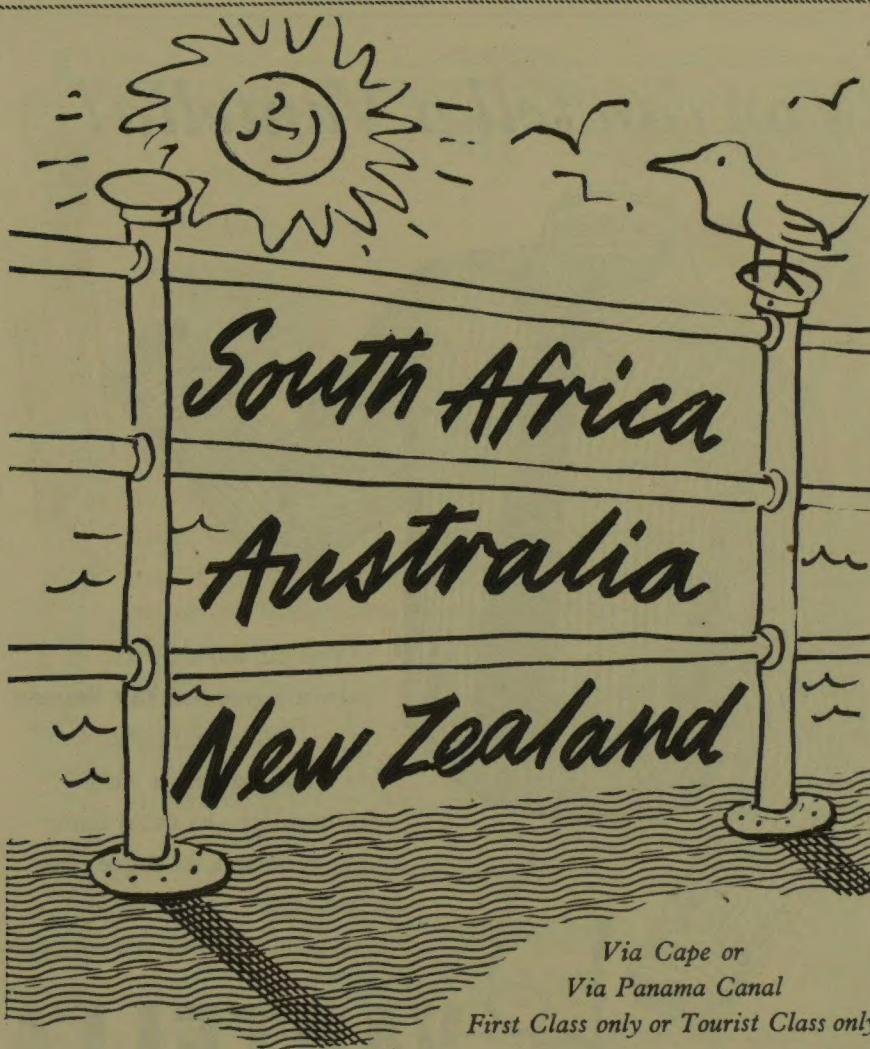
Height to top of finial: 8.1 ins.

Owing to the fact that they were frequently used as prizes in the State Lotteries, a great many of these jugs were made during the reign of Elizabeth I, and several have survived to the present day; most of them are inclined to be of rather poor pottery with coarse and ill-finished mounts, and more often than not the pottery has by now been broken and repaired. The little jug shown above, however, is exceptional; it is unusually small, the pottery is perfect, and the mounts, which are very fine, bear the full London hall-marks for 1578 and the maker's mark, CB in monogram, on each piece.

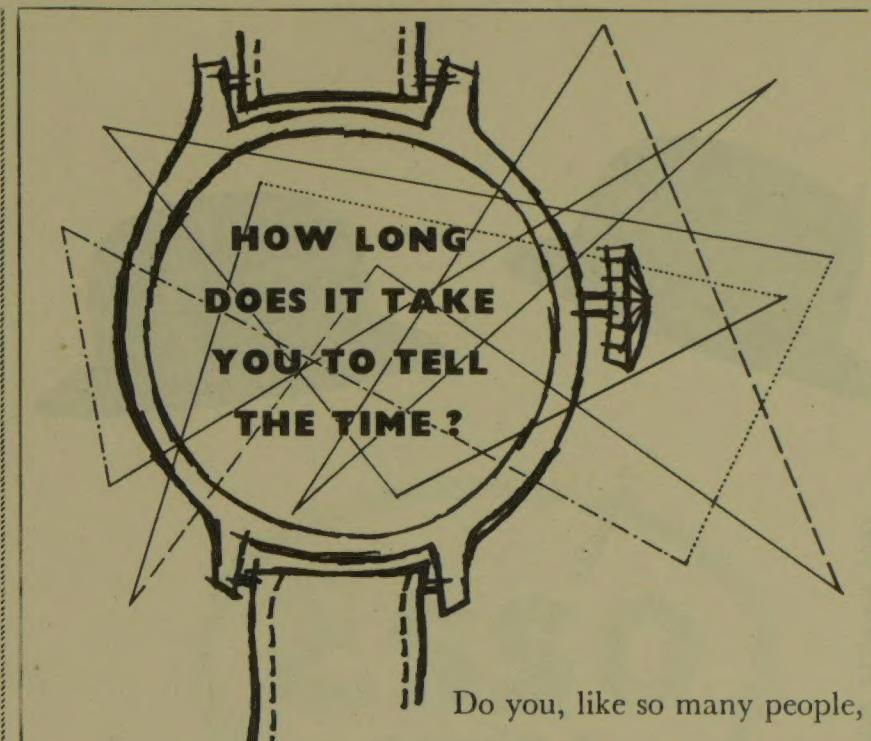
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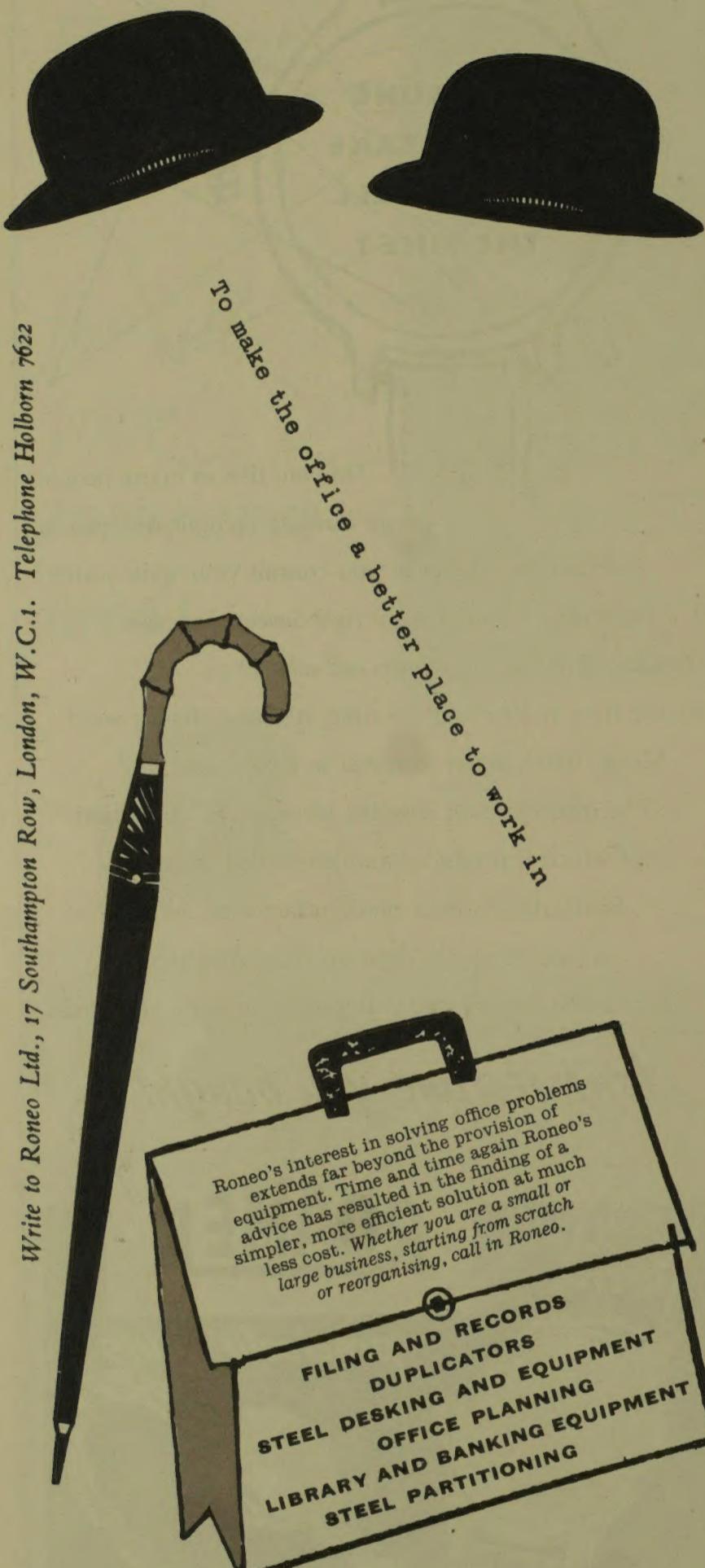
372GW A handsome Gold-filled gentleman's watch with a water-proof, shock-protected 17-jewelled Swiss lever movement. Stainless steel back. Fine leather strap: £14. 17. 6. Others from £8.

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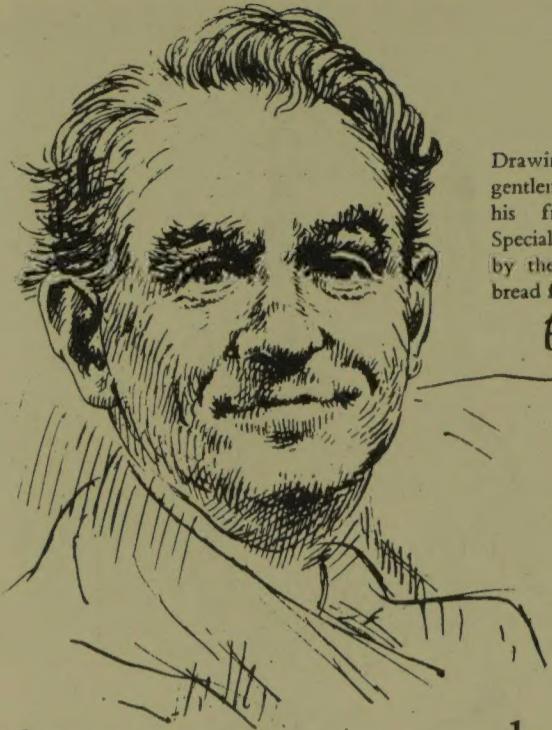


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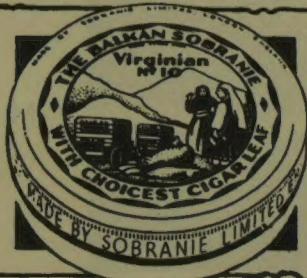
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Virginian; another a Virginia Tobacco whose added touch of genius is a touch of the finest cigar leaf. And the surnames of both are the same—Balkan Sobranie. In the one or the other of these two famous brands is perhaps the final answer to present discontents and a friendship that will last a life-time. But neither may be everybody's choice—the House of Sobranie is well content in a mass market world, to continue to provide selective smoking pleasure for the discriminating few.

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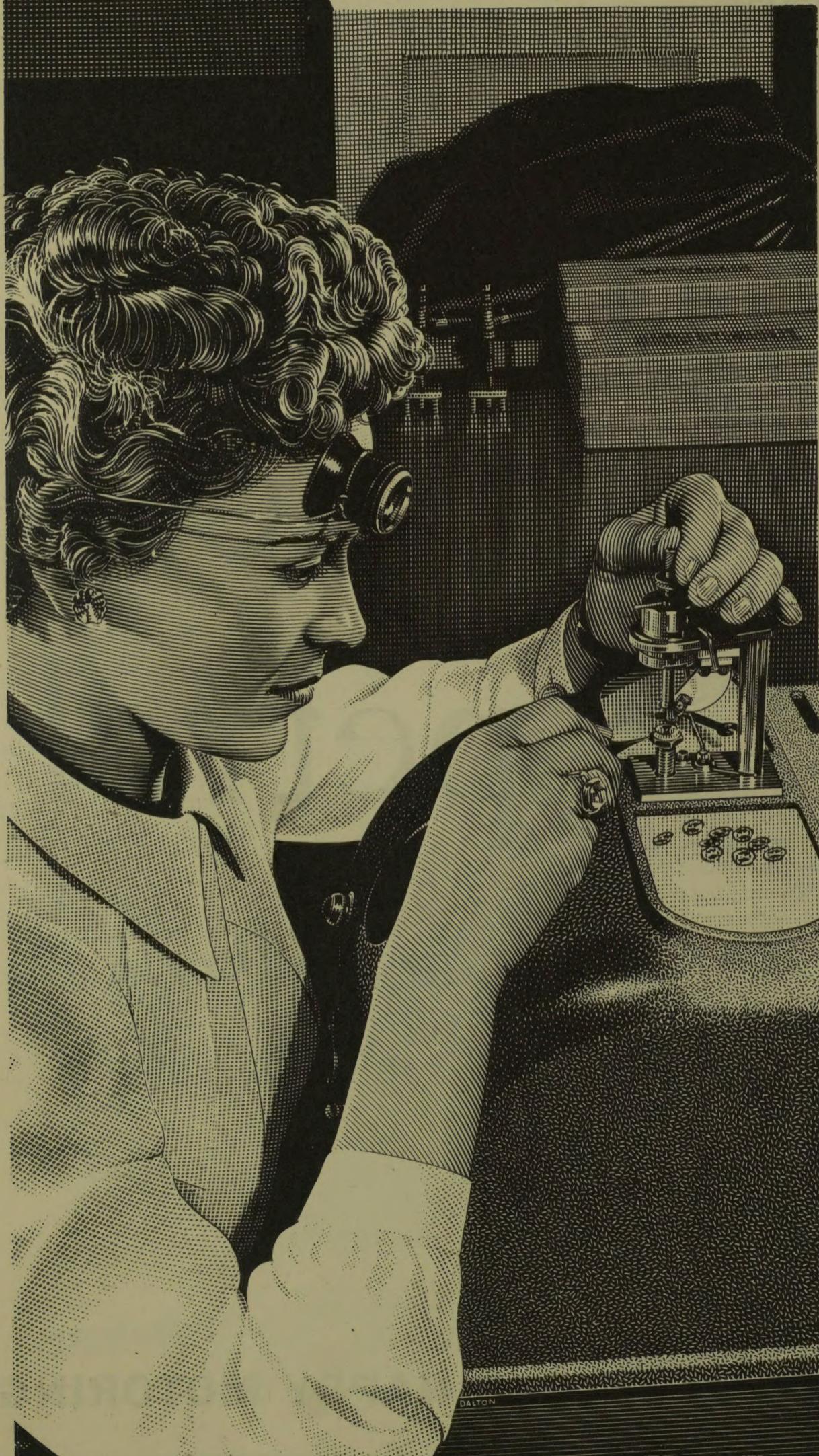
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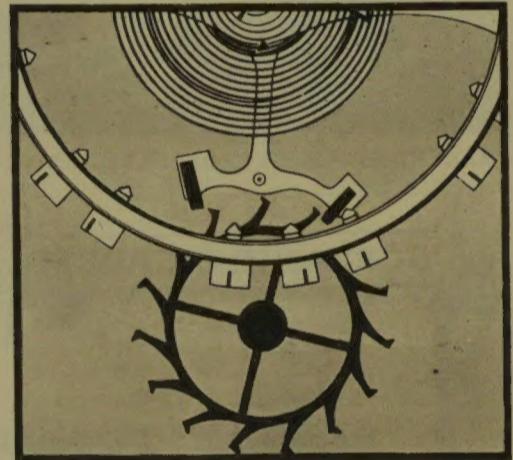


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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1955.



DESTROYED BY YOUNG GREEK CYPRIOT HOOLIGANS DURING THE CONSPICUOUS ABSENCE OF POLICE AND TROOPS:
THE BURNING BRITISH INSTITUTE BUILDING IN METAXAS SQUARE, IN THE HEART OF NICOSIA, CYPRUS.

This photograph, which was taken in Metaxas Square, Nicosia, late on the evening of Saturday, September 17, shows the burning British Institute building which was set alight by a gang of Greek Cypriot hooligans. The building, in which for the last fifteen years Greeks have received practically free tuition in the English language and literature, was completely destroyed, together with its valuable library. The burning of the building followed a riot in Metaxas Square by a few hundred youths, many of them schoolboys. As no police or troops came into the

square to suppress the riot, the demonstrators were joined by adult hooligans, and the mob ran wild. It was not until two hours after the rioting started that troops of the South Staffordshire Regiment, fully armed, arrived. A military spokesman said that the delay was due to the fact that the police had not summoned military aid, and the troops, who were waiting at the police station a mile from Metaxas Square, eventually went there on their own initiative. They carried a banner inscribed "Disperse or we fire" in English, Greek and Turkish.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

PROPOSING the toast at Hastings the other day of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports—and everyone knows who that is!—Field Marshal Montgomery spoke of Sir Winston Churchill's portrait as existing not only on canvas but in the souls of free men throughout the world. No one is in a better position to know the truth of this than the Field Marshal, after his long service in Europe as Deputy Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers' Forces. But when he went on to speak of what Sir Winston's portrait and name meant to the people of this country, he expressed something that every inhabitant of this island knows from his own inner experience. "When he spoke," said the victor of Alamein, "in words that rang and thundered like the Psalms, we all said, 'That is how we feel and that is how we shall bear ourselves.' He gave us the sense of being a dedicated people with a high purpose and invincible destiny." And he gave us that sense at a time when to many others and even, perhaps momentarily to ourselves, we seemed a people beaten from pillar to post who had seen all our hopes—and pride—trampled under by the arrogant, triumphant Nazis. It was then that he became our leader.

The quality of the leadership he gave us in that dark hour—now by virtue of his courage and that which he inspired in others eternally bright in our history—is illustrated by one speech which I love above all others. It reveals the greatness of the man, I feel, even more than the great classical speeches of the summer of 1940—those that everyone knows and that, as the Field Marshal says, will ring throughout our history. It was a speech made to the boys of Sir Winston's old school in October 1941, after a concert of Harrow School songs, and a few weeks before the Japanese struck at our almost undefended empire in the Far East. In it he used these words: "Never give in, never, never, never—in nothing, great or small, large or petty—never give in except to convictions of honour and good sense. Never yield to force; never yield to the apparently overwhelming might of the enemy." He then went on to speak of a verse which had been written in his honour and added to one of the school songs, and which the boys had just sung. "There is one word in it," he said, "I want to alter—I wanted to do so last year, but I did not venture to. It is the line—'Not less we praise in darker days.' I have obtained the Head Master's permission to alter 'darker' to 'sterner': 'Not less we praise in sterner days.' Do not let us speak of darker days; let us speak rather of sterner days. These are not dark days: these are great days—the greatest days our country has ever lived."* Reading those words I find myself moved in the same way that I am moved when I stand in the nave of Winchester Cathedral and realise that under my feet lie the ashes of the woman who, a little while before her death, had written in a little cottage at Chawton the most perfect novel in the English language.

Churchill had all the qualities that Britain in that stern hour needed in her leader if she was to rise from the trough of calamity in which, through her past neglect and supineness, she had sunk. He had the iron nerves, the splendid good humour and robust resilience of perfect health; the inspired instinct for the right word and the power to simplify great and complex issues of war so that others could see them in the same clear, practical terms; the sense of what the strong, unbreakable people he so perfectly represented felt in their inner hearts and the capacity to express it. In his first speech as Prime Minister he had declared that the policy of his Administration would be "to wage war, by sea, land and air, with all our might and with all the strength God can give us." It was a promise which he most faithfully and exactly fulfilled. The root of the matter was in him; "War," he wrote in December 1941 to President Roosevelt, "is a constant struggle and must be waged from day to day." For five years until victory had been won he never for one moment gave up doing so. And he did it with a flame of hope that communicated itself to all around him and to the whole nation. In the worst of disasters his eyes remained steadily fixed on the certain assurance of ultimate victory. He never allowed discomfiture or disappointment—and he suffered plenty of both—to dim his conviction that the enemy was suffering as grave embarrassment as himself and that he had only to persevere in striking at him boldly to force him into folly and on to the defensive. By his perpetual readiness to attack, even at the most depressing time, he not only kept up the courage and faith of his own people but distracted and confused the foe.

For Churchill's instinct was always for the daring course even when, as sometimes happened, the daring course was, by materialistic and logistical

standards, a dangerous one. He was for ever afraid that opportunities to attack would be lost, by excessive prudence, inertia, "the usual helpless negation." His own strong nerves caused him to despise these traits, and to be always on the watch for them in others. It was a legacy partly from his experiences as a young soldier and Cabinet Minister after the long Victorian peace, when many senior military commanders were hidebound and obstructionist and when his own soaring imagination and adventurous spirit had been thwarted by conservatism and playing for safety. It was the legacy, too, of the bitter years when he had been a voice crying in the wilderness, vainly warning his countrymen against "the dangers of yielding to soft, easy and popular expedients and the dark places into which we have been led thereby." And it was an inherent part—however troublesome at times to his official advisers—of his incomparable service to England in the greatest ordeal of her history. In the dreadful months when she had stood naked and alone in the path of the most terrible destructive power the world had ever seen, impossibility was a word that had to be rooted out of the language if England was to survive. It has been Churchill's passionate and reiterated refusal to take "No" for an answer when "No" would have involved certain defeat, that has placed his country in his eternal debt.

It did not, of course, make him an easy task-master. There were times when he almost drove to distraction the brave and brilliant professional soldiers, sailors and airmen with whom he surrounded himself. The traits that made Churchill often so hard to work for arose, not from lack of heart

or consideration for others, but from his passionate absorption in his task of saving the nation and the intensity and single-mindedness with which he pursued his every object. He had so much on his shoulders—so much more than any other man—that he had little time to consider the feelings or convenience of others. His wonderful mind, interested in everything that pertained to the human lot, was occupied every waking minute of the day and night. Driven by a dynamic energy, it cast an ever-shifting searchlight into every cranny, not only of the nation's war effort, but of its entire life. Nothing came amiss to it, and no one could predict—least of all the ministers, bureaucrats and Service chiefs upon whose activities it was cast—when and where it would light. Two days after Pearl Harbour and on the day that the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* were lost, and when the entire British and American position in the Pacific was crumbling, this amazing Prime Minister dictated, *inter alia*, three searching minutes to ensure that sweet-rationing should not be introduced unnecessarily, that timber-felling companies should not be allowed to denude woodlands without consideration for the appearance of the countryside, and that young women in the A.T.S., serving with A.A. batteries, should not be roughly treated, and should receive every kind of minor compliment and ornament for good service.

Reading through the infinitely diverse minutes on almost every conceivable subject printed in the Appendices of Sir Winston's "History of the Second World War," one is left with an abiding impression of the man's astonishing range of genius, of his humanity, sturdy English good sense and love of freedom.

"Though rigid rationing might be easier to administer," he advised the Food Minister, "some system which left the consumer a reasonable freedom of choice would seem much better. Individual tastes have a wonderful way of cancelling out."† And when a lady was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for telling some soldiers that Hitler was a good ruler, a better man than he, he told the Home Secretary, that nothing in the internal state of the country justified such unreasonable and unnatural severity and that such excessive action defeated its own end. And he was a man, for all his passionate intensity and gravity of purpose, of infinite jest. When the Secretary of State for India wrote to him about a proposed visit of the Burmese statesman, U Saw, he replied, "Certainly let an invitation be sent, provided that in general you see U Saw." "I should deprecate," he minuted on another occasion, "setting up a special committee. We are overrun by them, like the Australians were by rabbits."‡ It was this inexhaustible spring of humour and humanity in Britain's war leader that caused President Roosevelt to write to him that it was fun to be alive in the same decade. We who have shared that privilege in the same land, have good cause to join with Field Marshal Montgomery in toasting the health and happiness of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

* "The Second World War," vol. III., p. 723. (Cassell.)

† "The Second World War," vol. III., p. 727; vol. II., p. 606. (Cassell.)



FORCED TO RESIGN IN FAVOUR OF A MILITARY JUNTA AFTER A NATION-WIDE REVOLT THAT CULMINATED IN A THREAT TO BOMBARD BUENOS AIRES FROM THE SEA : GENERAL PERÓN, THE EX-PRESIDENT OF ARGENTINA.

With the revolutionary forces increasing their hold on large areas of Argentina, the defection of thousands of Government troops and the threat by the rebel fleet standing at the mouth of the River Plate to bombard Buenos Aires, General Perón announced, on September 19, his resignation as President. It will be recalled that he offered to resign on August 31, but was dissuaded by a carefully organised demonstration of loyalty from thousands of city workers. The present situation, however, gives an air of finality to his latest withdrawal. Shortly after reading a message from General Perón, General Franklin Lucero broadcast his own resignation as Minister of the Army and Commander of the "Forces of Repression," by

means of which he was able to suppress the uprising of last June. He announced the establishment of a military junta, believed to consist of three generals, which had taken control in Argentina, and appealed to the rebel commanders to cease further bloodshed and begin peace talks. The supreme commander of the revolutionary forces was not yet named, although General Balaguer, who had been active in the Cordoba region, was believed to be one of the leaders. After the broadcast of his resignation, nothing more was heard of General Perón, and his whereabouts were not known. Between the pronouncements and communiqués, the Argentine State Radio broadcast selections from Gilbert and Sullivan.

NEWS FROM AFAR: SCENES OF EAST AND WEST.



ASCENDING INTO THE STRATOSPHERE ON METEOROLOGICAL TESTS: A BALLOON LAUNCHED FROM A U.S. AIR FORCE BASE. In a series of tests to discover the conditions such as air turbulence and wind patterns, and other data which will assist in long-range weather forecasting, the United States Air Force has released more than a thousand plastic balloons, each with its gondola equipped with devices to record high-altitude weather facts.



HANDING OVER THE SCHOENBRUNN CASTLE BARRACKS TO THE AUSTRIANS: A FINAL SCENE OF THE VIENNA OCCUPATION. On September 17 the last British fighting unit in Austria, a company of the 1st Bn. The Middlesex Regiment, handed over their barracks at Schoenbrunn, in Vienna, to the Austrian Army. The Union Jack was hauled down for the last time and the red and white flag of Austria was hoisted in its place, saluted by a British soldier.

THE U.S.A., AUSTRIA, HONG KONG, THE SOVIET UNION.



CLASPING HANDS AT THE END OF THE OCCUPATION: ALLIED SOLDIERS BEFORE LEAVING VIENNA.

For ten years Allied soldiers have patrolled Vienna. Now they have left the capital, and to signal their departure, the four men above, representing (from left to right) the United States, Britain, France and the Soviet Union, shake hands in farewell before the Allied High Commission Headquarters.



CARRIED INTO SAFETY FROM A COMMUNIST PRISON: THE ITALIAN BISHOP L. FERRONI.

Three captives recently released from Chinese prisons are Bishop L. Ferroni, Roman Catholic Bishop of Lanchein, an Italian aged sixty-three, who was carried across the border to Hong Kong on a stretcher where he was taken to hospital in a state of collapse after four years in Chinese hands; Father Harold Rigney, a



SPEAKING INTO A MICROPHONE AT HONG KONG AFTER HIS RELEASE BY THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS: FATHER HAROLD RIGNEY (BEARDED), AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC.

former Rector of a Roman Catholic University in Peking, imprisoned as "an imperialist and enemy of the people"; and Mr. Walter A. Rickett, an American, who had been in Chinese Communist gaols since July 1951 on a charge of being "a spy and saboteur." (Photographs by radio.)



WALKING INTO FREEDOM: MR. W. A. RICKETT (RIGHT), WITH A BRITISH POLICE OFFICIAL.

former Rector of a Roman Catholic University in Peking, imprisoned as "an imperialist and enemy of the people"; and Mr. Walter A. Rickett, an American, who had been in Chinese Communist gaols since July 1951 on a charge of being "a spy and saboteur." (Photographs by radio.)



AT THE RUSSO-FINNISH TALKS IN MOSCOW: MARSHAL VOROSHILOV WITH PRESIDENT PAASIKIVI OF FINLAND ON HIS RIGHT AND MR. MOLOTOV ON HIS LEFT.

This photograph shows Marshal Voroshilov, President of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R., with members of the Soviet delegation (right), receiving President Paasikivi of Finland and members of the Finnish Government delegation (left) at the Kremlin. Russia is to give the naval base of Porkkala back to Finland.



AT THE AIRPORT IN MOSCOW: MR. MOLOTOV, THE RUSSIAN FOREIGN MINISTER (LEFT), GREETING HERR GROTEWOHL, THE EAST GERMAN PRIME MINISTER.

Herr Grotewohl, the East German Premier, arrived in Moscow on September 16, at the head of a delegation, for a visit which was officially described as "strengthening friendly ties." He arrived in Moscow a little more than forty-eight hours after Dr. Adenauer's departure. (Photograph by radio.)

A U.S. DOCK FIRE, MECHANISED POLICE, AND THE ULSTER T.T. RACE.



AT JERSEY CITY DOCKS, IN THE UNITED STATES: CLOUDS OF SMOKE BILLOWING FROM A BLAZING PIER AFTER FIRE BROKE OUT WHILE IT WAS BEING REPAINTED ON SEPTEMBER 14. TUGS PULLED TWO LINERS TO SAFETY IN THE HUDSON RIVER, WHICH RUNS BETWEEN JERSEY CITY AND MANHATTAN.



SPEEDING UP THE BEAT: MEMBERS OF A NEW POLICE PATROL EQUIPPED WITH LIGHT-WEIGHT MOTOR-CYCLES. POLICE PATROLLING AT VERY SLOW SPEEDS WILL BE SEEN IN PARTS OF THE LONDON AREA DURING A TWELVE-MONTH EXPERIMENTAL SCHEME.



AFTER BEING INVOLVED IN A SIX-CAR CRASH: THE BLAZING WRECKAGE OF KEN WHARTON'S FRAZER-NASH (RIGHT) FROM WHICH HE ESCAPED WITH FACIAL BURNS DURING THE TOURIST TROPHY MOTOR RACE OVER THE DUNDROD CIRCUIT.



THE SECOND FATAL CRASH: AN ELVA, DRIVEN BY RICHARD MAINWARING, WHICH STRUCK THE BANK, TORE ALONG THE ROAD UPSIDE DOWN FOR 75 YARDS AND THEN CAUGHT FIRE. MAINWARING WAS KILLED.



AFTER BREAKING UP AND BURSTING INTO FLAMES: THE WRECKAGE OF J. C. C. MAYERS' COOPER IN WHICH HE LOST HIS LIFE. ONE OF THE M.G. TEAM IS GOING PAST ON THE TRACK (LEFT).



AFTER WINNING THE R.A.C. INTERNATIONAL T.T. RACE AT DUNDROD ON HIS TWENTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY: STIRLING MOSS (RIGHT) WITH HIS CO-DRIVER, J. FITCH.

The Golden Jubilee 623-mile R.A.C. tourist trophy race over the Dundrod circuit, near Belfast on September 17, was tragically marred by accidents in which three drivers died and a fourth was seriously injured. At the time of writing an investigation is being carried out. German Mercedes-Benz cars won all three

leading places in the race. The winning car was driven by S. Moss and the American J. Fitch, and averaged 88.32 m.p.h. A British Aston Martin, driven by P. Walker and D. Toore, was fourth. M. Hawthorn, in a Jaguar, looked like being in the first three until he went into a spin and had to retire a lap from home.

IN TROUBLED CYPRUS: THE METAXAS SQUARE RIOT, AND TROOPS SEARCHING FOR ARMS.



AFTER THE BRITISH INSTITUTE HAD BEEN BURNT DOWN BY HOOLIGANS: MEN OF THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT GUARDING THE GUTTED BUILDING (LEFT).



WHEN MILITARY AID EVENTUALLY ARRIVED: MEN OF THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT, WITH BAYONETS FIXED, SEEN CARRYING A WARNING BANNER.



OUTSIDE THE LAW COURTS IN NICOSIA: TROOPS HELPING TO SET UP ROAD BLOCKS AS A YOUNG GREEK APPEARED ON A CHARGE OF ALLEGED MURDER.



SEARCHING FOR HIDDEN ARMS: MEN OF THE ROYAL INNISKILLING FUSILIERS USING MINE DETECTORS IN THE VILLAGE OF SOTIRA, SOUTH-WEST OF FAMAGUSTA.



AFTER THE RIOTS IN METAXAS SQUARE ON SEPTEMBER 17: MEN OF THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT WITH THE REMAINS OF A MILITARY VEHICLE BURNT BY THE MOB.

The serious rioting in Metaxas Square, Nicosia, which broke out on the evening of September 17, started shortly after 9 p.m., when a party of schoolboys hauled down the Union flag outside an exhibition and tore it up. They then burnt it on a military vehicle which had been overturned and set on fire. In the absence for some two hours of any police or military interference the rioting grew, until, as described on our frontispiece, the British Institute building was entered and set on fire. The building, with its valuable library, was completely destroyed. When, at last, the troops appeared on the scene they fired warning shots with blank



DURING A COMB-OUT OF CYPRUS VILLAGES FOR HIDDEN ARMS: VILLAGERS AND POLICE GATHERED TO WATCH THE TROOPS DURING A SEARCH.

cartridges, while the police, who came with the troops, discharged tear gas. It was reported that great indignation was felt by the British and foreign residents at the failure of the police to cope with the situation. Earlier in the week more than 1200 British troops, including Royal Marine Commandos, with sixty policemen, raided four villages in the Famagusta area in a search for concealed weapons and hidden terrorists. While the searches were in progress two British transports landed Bren-gun carriers and light guns at Famagusta. On September 15 the Government of Cyprus issued a decree declaring the Greek terrorist organisation, Eoka, illegal.



BRITISH TROOPS IN CYPRUS DURING THE CURRENT TENSION: CHANGING THE GUARD AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NICOSIA.

The failure of many Cypriots to respond to the generous spirit of the recent British proposals for the future status of Cyprus has led to increased vigilance on the part of the authorities. As part of the new security arrangements, Royal Marine Commandos have been drafted to the island to support the 4000 or so British troops already stationed there, notably the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers and the South Staffordshire Regiment, seen in the above photograph changing guard at Government House, Nicosia; the latter have been reinforced by an additional two companies which arrived from Egypt on September 13. Also from the Canal Zone

are the 1st Battalion The Royal Scots, with detachments of the R.A.S.C., R.A.O.C., R.E.M.E. and a field ambulance unit. British Commandos have already been in action in support of the police when a mob stoned the British-owned Acropolis Hotel, in Nicosia, on September 12. Up till now, lawless acts by gangs of aggressive Cypriots have provoked little or no retaliation. The recent murders of Cypriot policemen has hardened the attitude of the authorities and provoked stricter security measures. The problem of arms-smuggling along stretches of the lonely Cyprus coast has been tackled by sending extra interceptor vessels from Britain.

A SOLDIER may be a master of his profession and endowed with the strength of character which war demands, without possessing an original mind. If so, though he may be constantly successful, he will not make fresh contributions to the art of war, which he will leave as he found it. It is the innovators who are the most interesting figures in the long vista of military history, and perhaps only they merit the title of great. To the names of a few, with most propriety Alexander and Frederick II. of Prussia, this title has been tacked. Gonzalo de Cordoba was called the Great Captain—*el Gran Capitán*. And this title, which was known far beyond the bounds of his native Spain and of Italy, where his greatest fame was won, testified to more than his victories. The manner in which he won them impressed itself on friends and foes. Opinion had recognised in him the nonpareil. He shaped the Spanish Army for the power and prestige which it was to enjoy for about a century-and-a-half.

His originality lay, above all, in the precision and speed with which he interpreted the signs of the times. It took originality to do so, because his childhood had been passed in the last flickering phase of an older age, still almost mediaeval in warfare. It so chanced that his first command, when little over thirty, was in a war—against the Moors—in which a large number of fortresses had to be subdued, and that these had been constructed before gunpowder had reached the power which it by now possessed. Gonzalo leapt to the opportunity. In Italy he was equally quick to see whither war was tending. He reorganised and rearmed the Spanish force after his one defeat at Seminara. He proved a master of ruse and stratagem. He showed, as required, quick-footed energy and motionless patience.

Yet he had begun as an individual paladin, and in his pleasure in leading a charge in person, as well as in his prodigality and splendour, always retained something of that character. In his first campaign in the war of succession, when other knights had bowed to modernity—and the demands of safety—so far as to fight in plain armour without armorial bearings, he refused to imitate this fashion. He possessed to a high degree the moral qualities of a great commander: courage, determination, resilience, and that indefinable gift of leadership which enables a general to inspire his troops not only in the heat of battle, but in endurance of hardship, short commons, the rains and the mud of winter. He got on well with allies, though he naturally tended to dominate them. He proved himself an able statesman and viceroy. Though acts which we should call harsh or worse stand on his record, he was a benign and generous man and foe.

Gonzalo de Cordoba was born virtually on a frontier, that of the Moorish kingdom of Granada, in the conquest of which he was to play a fine part. He was fortunate in the year of his birth, 1453, because he was born two years after Isabella the Catholic, who gave him his start by appointing him her page. Later on she was actually his commander-in-chief; for she took the field herself, exercised at least a considerable influence on the strategy against the Moors, and organised the siege train and the supplies. Earlier in the war her husband, King Ferdinand, had been a failure, and from then on he played the part of diplomatist rather than that of commander. The relations of the Catholic Sovereigns provide a fascinating subject, but there is no doubt that the grey mare was the better horse. The Queen admired and backed Gonzalo, whereas Ferdinand was cold and finally hostile to him. The question has been asked whether deep personal feelings entered into these relationships. Some see, as some then saw, a fonder sentiment than that of sovereign to great subject in the regard of Isabella for the handsome and charming Gonzalo.

This great Spanish soldier has been little studied in our country. Sir Charles Oman was attracted by him, but wrote of him only in a general history of the warfare of his time, and, even so, Oman was virtually alone here. Now a short biography of *el Gran Capitán* has been published.* The author, Colonel de Gaury, is an enthusiastic and spirited writer. He brings out the character of the man and produces a bold outline of his military achievements. My own relatively slight studies in Spanish military history have been applied to a later period, and I have no

against the French under Byron's "hero boy," Gaston de Foix. Gonzalo was in Spain at the time of that battle, though his best pupil, Pedro Navarro, was present. In any event, the Spaniards and their allies retaliated by sweeping the French out of Italy.

This, however, was still a long way ahead. Before Gonzalo took part in his second campaign in Italy he had dealt with a Moorish rising at home and, in partnership with the Venetians, taken Cephalonia from the Turks. The year 1503 witnessed the most famous victory of his career, that of Cerignola. Both sides employed mercenaries as well as their own nationals, the French having what was said to be the finest body of Swiss pikemen that had ever taken the field, while Gonzalo's centre was formed of Germans sent by the Emperor Maximilian. But it was Spanish musketry on the defensive which paved the way for victory, though the front came near to breaking under the blows of the Swiss and would certainly have broken but for the personal influence of the commander. Dusk had fallen when he launched the counter-offensive. The losses of the French army were approximately ten times as great as those of the Spanish.

This was victory in a battle of less than half a day.

The so-called battle of the Garigliano was actually a campaign of two months and probably the greater achievement. Gonzalo told the Germans and Italians, weary of standing in mud and of shortage of food, that if they left him he would fight on with his Spaniards alone—and they stayed. He himself lived in a cabin within a mile of the trenches. To those who urged him to draw back to higher ground till the weather improved he replied that, if the French, greatly superior in numbers, were allowed to pass the river, he did not believe he could hold them farther back. He kept in hand, writes Colonel de Gaury, "a drenched and sullen army for six weeks of deadlock in one of the worst and wettest winters ever remembered in central Italy." Meanwhile, French morale dropped almost to zero. When Gonzalo made his famous crossing he used pontoons too heavy to be carried to the spot in that country but assembled near at hand from timber carefully cut and measured in secrecy fifteen miles behind the lines.

The result was once again overwhelming victory. The losses of the French were heavy and their whole force finally surrendered on terms, to be withdrawn to France. Their senior officers were disgraced. To me personally this campaign has been of unusual interest for the last ten-and-a-half years. In January 1944 I visited the then Major-General Templer, whose Division lay south of the Garigliano, again in a period of deadlock and again "in one of the worst and wettest winters ever remembered in central Italy." I have since been told that there are more of these worst and wettest winters in those parts than the inhabitants will admit to strangers. We talked about the problem of Gonzalo and how he solved it. A few days after my visit a bridgehead was secured, but the allies took longer to break the hostile front than had Gonzalo—about twice as long.

The Great Captain's last active days were passed as Viceroy of Naples. It was the most honourable post that he could have attained, but he was a sad and anxious man. The Catholic Queen was dying. Whatever the nature of the links between them, his devotion to her is not a matter of doubt. From the practical point of view, Isabella was his patron, and a future in which he had to deal with the sly and distrustful Ferdinand was not pleasant to contemplate. All went as ill as he could have expected in his most pessimistic moments. He was fortunate to die, in 1515, in a house and even in a room in Granada which can still be identified. He was on the point of flight from Spain and the King's men were on their way to arrest him—but probably dawdling over a hateful task—when he was struck down by fever.

I have suggested that I should have liked to see more substance in this book, which belongs rather to the class of the biographical essays of Strachey's "Eminent Victorians" than to biography. At all events, this lively and readable study may find more readers than a solid and fully documented tome would have attracted. All may enjoy it. Gonzalo de Cordoba was not only a man of exceptional military gifts, but a singularly attractive and sympathetic character. And Colonel de Gaury may claim to have given us as clear and realistic a portrait of him as it can be hoped to achieve across the centuries.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE GREAT CAPTAIN OF 15TH-CENTURY SPAIN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

knowledge of the material available for a biography of Gonzalo. I suspect, however, that a historian who had time and opportunity to work on Spanish archives over a long period would find a great deal more than has been used even by Spaniards. And I know that more could profitably be written of the art of war in the time of Gonzalo and of his influence upon it.

The men bred on the frontier lands had the great advantage, when it came to fighting the Moors, that they were fully acquainted with their organisation, habits and methods of fighting. Between wars relations were not unfriendly, and there was a good deal of personal intercourse. The lessons learnt in this warfare were useful for other types, but danger beset their too complete application to wars against peoples who put a heavier punch into their attacks. The two schools faced each other when the Spaniards

AT THE CHELSEA AUTUMN ANTIQUES FAIR.



A RARE EXAMPLE OF A WOODEN MEDIEVAL MUSICAL INSTRUMENT: A SHAWM, AN INSTRUMENT OF THE OBOE TYPE, MADE ENTIRELY OF OAK. A SIMILAR SHAWM IS BEING PLAYED BY AN ANGEL IN THE VAULTING OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL. THE INSTRUMENT SHOWN BEARS TRACES OF EARLY PAINTING.



A CHAIR OF STATE OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON I. AND BEARING THE EAGLE AT THE HEAD. IN THE ARMS IS A CONCEALED MUSICAL BOX, WHICH PLAYS WHEN PRESSURE IS PUT ON THE ARMS.



AN ORGAN IN MAHOGANY, ONCE PLAYED BY HANDEL, MADE BY ROBERTUS WOFFINGTON, THE UNCLE OF PEG WOFFINGTON, THE FAMOUS ACTRESS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The Chelsea Autumn Antiques Fair—from which we here show three exhibits—is to be opened by the Duke of Bedford at 10.30 a.m. on September 28 at the Chelsea Town Hall. The Fair will remain open to the public (except on Sundays) until 7.30 p.m. each day up to October 8 (inclusive). The Duke has lent three paintings never shown before to the public: self-portraits by Rembrandt and Franz Hals and a portrait of a former Duchess of Bedford by Gainsborough. Except for these and some other loans from the Bedford Collection, everything else at the Fair is for sale at prices from a few shillings to hundreds of pounds. The Chelsea Antiques Fair has been growing in importance for some years and is now probably the largest of its kind after the Grosvenor House Fair.

encountered the French and their mercenaries in Italy. The former were compelled to revise their ideas. They did so successfully, but contrived to retain much that was useful from their earlier experience. Thus, Spanish swordsmen would drop below the couched Swiss pikes; they would also rush on archers, distract their array, then dart aside to leave the way clear to their own pikemen. But Spanish commanders learnt that weight was needed to meet weight.

At Seminara, fighting in company with unstable Neapolitan allies, Gonzalo was involved in defeat, though his losses do not appear to have been serious. His first reaction was to call for longer pikes and a bigger supply of harquebuses from Spain. Colonel de Gaury does not record that at the same time he set about retraining his troops to meet the new conditions, but we may be pretty sure that he did. For some time to come the only considerable battle lost by the Spaniards in Italy was that of Rayenna, fought

* "The Grand Captain, Gonzalo de Cordoba." By Gerald de Gaury. (Longmans, Green and Co.; 18s.)

**"THE BRITISH
SOLDIER HATES
DIGGING":
A RETURN TO 1914-18
TECHNIQUES IN
ATOMIC WARFARE
MANOEUVRES.**

(LEFT.) BACK TO 1914—OR PLUS CA
CHANGE. . . . A VIGNETTE OF EXER-
CISE "ETHAN DOWN," THE FOUR-DAY
ATOMIC WARFARE MANOEUVRES HELD
ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

(RIGHT.) "DIG OR DIE" IS SAID TO BE
THE SLOGAN OF ATOMIC WARFARE; AND
WE SHOW HERE A TERRITORIAL EMER-
GING FROM A DEEP DUG-OUT AT DIVI-
SIONAL H.Q. DURING THE EXERCISE.

BEFORE the opening of the four-day exercise "Ethan Down," on Salisbury Plain, in which between 10,000 and 12,000 Territorials of the 43rd (Wessex) Infantry Division fought a defensive battle in atomic warfare conditions against an enemy consisting of the 10th Hussars and the Second Infantry Brigade, Lieut-General Sir Ernest Down, G.O.C.-in-C., Southern Command, stated that the slogan for an atomic campaign must be "Dig or Die." "The British soldier," he said, "hates digging. He hasn't dug since 1914-18. In the last war he only scraped—and so often got killed needlessly in consequence. He won't have a hope of surviving heat blast and radioactivity unless he really digs." Since the 43rd (Wessex) Infantry Division was fighting a defensive action, extensive digging in was called for, and although for some of the major operations mechanical diggers—"Harvey 19" cable-operated excavators and "Dinkum" hydraulically-operated diggers—were employed, there was a great deal of pick-and-shovel work by the Territorial infantry man; and trenches and deep dug-outs of a kind little seen since 1918 were a notable feature of the manoeuvres. By way of piquant contrast the other notable feature was a modern one—the use of simulated atomic explosions.



AN "ATOMIC EXPLOSION" ON SALISBURY PLAIN: A SIMULATED ATOMIC BURST—CREATED FROM A MIXTURE OF OIL, PETROL AND GUN-COTTON—ONE OF SEVERAL DETONATED IN THE ATOMIC WARFARE EXERCISE "ETHAN DOWN," IN WHICH OVER 10,000 TERRITORIALS WERE ENGAGED.



DIGGING IN DIVISIONAL HEADQUARTERS—THE MODERN WAY: TERRITORIALS, ASSISTED BY A MECHANICAL "DINKUM" DIGGER, DURING "ETHAN DOWN."



DIGGING IN FOR PERSONAL PROTECTION—THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY: A PICK-AND-SHOVEL JOB DURING THE COURSE OF THE ATOMIC WARFARE MANOEUVRES ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

A FAMOUS OLD LONDON SCHOOL FOR GIRLS:
THE GREY COAT HOSPITAL RESTORED.



(ABOVE.) SHOWING THE RESTORED QUEEN ANNE MAIN ENTRANCE, A FEATURE OF THE NEW SCHOOL. A ROYAL CHARTER WAS GRANTED BY QUEEN ANNE IN 1706.

WHEN H.R.H. Princess Alexandra of Kent opened the restored buildings of the Royal Foundation of Grey Coat Hospital on July 18, the event was another landmark in the long history of this famous old school, founded in 1698 by eight Westminster tradesmen to provide "a Free School in the said Parish, where forty of the Greatest Objects of Charity... should... be educated in sober and Virtuous Principles and be instructed in the Christian Religion." Beginning with eleven boy pupils, the Governors persevered to such good effect that they were at last able to take over the abandoned workhouse in Tuttle (Tothill)

(Continued on right.)



(ABOVE.) A SENIOR GIRL AT WORK IN THE ART ROOM. THE CURRICULUM EXCEEDS BY FAR THE PIUS BUT RESTRICTED IDEAS OF THE FOUNDERS.



ADDRESSING THE SCHOOL IN THE NEW GREAT HALL: THE HEADMISTRESS, MISS M. D. B. FOLLAND, WHO WAS APPOINTED IN 1950.

Continued.]
Fields and enlarge their school to include girls. Good and bad times followed, but through all its vicissitudes, the school endured. Finally, in 1874, the boys were detached and sent elsewhere and the Grey Coat Hospital was delivered up to the gentler sex. Now a grammar school, it is attended by 500 day girls, and a sister school at Caversham offers sixteen places as boarders to Grey Coat Hospital girls. Damaged during the London bombing, the school has now been restored and enlarged to continue the fine tradition of the past two-and-a-half centuries.

Photographs by Peggy Delius, F.R.P.S.



(ABOVE.) FOLLOWING A LONG LINE OF DISTINGUISHED HEADS: THE PRESENT HEADMISTRESS, MISS M. D. B. FOLLAND.

(LEFT.) STUDYING GROUND FORMATION AT THE SAND TABLE: A GEOGRAPHY CLASS STRESSES THE KIND OF HIGHER EDUCATION WHICH THE GREY COAT HOSPITAL NOW PROVIDES.



(RIGHT.) A QUIET PLACE IN THE OLD BUILDING. THE CHAPEL OF GREY COAT HOSPITAL GOES FAR IN INTERPRETING THE SPIRIT OF THE SCHOOL'S FOUNDATION.

COMMEMORATING THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN:
THE LONDON FLY-PAST, AND OTHER ITEMS.

AT THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN WEEK EXHIBITION AT THE AIR MINISTRY: THE WORKING OF A RADIO SONO BUOY, USED BY COASTAL COMMAND TO LOCATE SUBMERGED SUBMARINES, BEING EXPLAINED TO THREE YOUNG VISITORS.



FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER: THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN COMMEMORATION FLY-PAST OVER LONDON VIEWED BY CROWDS IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE ON SEPTEMBER 15. BEHIND THE SCAFFOLDING THE HANDS OF BIG BEN POINT TO 12.32.



MOORED AT TOWER BRIDGE: A LONG-RANGE SHORT SUNDERLAND FLYING-BOAT OF R.A.F. COASTAL COMMAND SEEN DURING BATTLE OF BRITAIN WEEK.

For the first time since it was instituted ten years ago, the Battle of Britain Commemoration fly-past over London on September 15 consisted entirely of jet fighters, except for the *Hurricane* and *Spitfire*, which, symbolising the aircraft used in 1940, preceded the formations. At half-past twelve the *Hurricane* and *Spitfire* flew in low, wing to wing, above the Thames, followed by forty-eight *Hunters* of R.A.F. Fighter Command, twelve *Seahawks* of the Fleet Air Arm and



WATCHING THE FLY-PAST: EIGHTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F. LORD TRENCHARD (SEATED) WITH LORD DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY (RIGHT), THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR, ON A ROOF IN KING CHARLES STREET.

twelve *Sabres* of the United States Air Force. These numbers were smaller than usual in accordance with a decision by the Air Council, made in order to minimise interference with air-traffic during fly-pasts over London on such occasions. During Battle of Britain Week, from September 12 to 18, there were various displays and exhibitions in London, and a *Sunderland* flying-boat of R.A.F. Coastal Command was moored near Tower Bridge.



(ABOVE.) EXERCISING THE PONIES IN THE GROUNDS OF BALMORAL CASTLE: A DELIGHTFUL HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WITH THE DUKE OF CORNWALL, PRINCE WILLIAM, AND PRINCESS ANNE, WITH GREENLEAVES.

IT is hardly surprising that since Queen Victoria and Prince Albert took up their residence 100 years ago in the Castle of Balmoral, this Highland home on the banks of the River Dee has been a continuing source of pleasure to members of the Royal family. In fact, a horse designed not for ceremonial but for a family—albeit Royal—the Queen together with her husband, and their children, can enjoy a brief respite from "that fierce light which beats upon a throat." Queen Victoria was attracted to Balmoral by the great scenic beauty and the comparatively low rainfall, and summers, such as the one we have just been enjoying, were her especial delight. This year the spacious grounds, set amidst the heather-clad hills, have been ringing with the sounds
(Continued opposite.)

(LEFT.) HIGHER AND HIGHER: PRINCESS ANNE AND THE DUKE OF CORNWALL LAUGH WITH DELIGHT AS THEIR FATHER PUSHES THE SWING. THE QUEEN KEEPS A RESTRAINING HAND ON CAPOT, WHO, DOUBTLESS, WANTS TO JOIN IN THE FUN.



HAPPY SUMMER DAYS FOR THE ROYAL FAMILY: DELIGHTFUL AND INFORMAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE



ENJOYING THEIR DEESIDE HOLIDAY: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WATCHING HIS DOG CANDY TRYING TO ENTICE THE QUEEN TO HAVE A GAME, WHILE PRINCESS ANNE ENTERTAINS SUGAR WITH A BALL AND THE DUKE OF CORNWALL LOOKS ON.



A HAPPY PRINCE: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL EXERCISING THE PONY WILLIAM—AND HIMSELF, ON A SUMMER DAY IN THE GROUNDS OF BALMORAL CASTLE.

(Continued.)
of childhood, laughing as the Duke of Cornwall and Prince Charles have spent long, happy days playing together, and with their parents, and exercising their ponies and romping with their dogs. The delightful photographs which are shown on these pages were taken in the grounds of Balmoral in August by Mr. James Reid. The Royal family have always been greatly attached to their dogs, and these photographs, as well as those of the Royal children with their ponies, evoke memories of



AWAY FROM APPALS OF SPARE: THE QUEEN, WITH THE HELP OF PRINCESS ANNE, HARNESSES THE PONY GREENLEAVES AT BALMORAL.

Similar scenes during the childhood of the Queen and Princess Margaret. At the time of writing the date of the Royal family's return to London has not been announced, but on October 12 the Duke of Edinburgh has arranged to go to Copenhagen to visit the Federation of British Industries Fair, and the Queen's first official engagement is on October 19, when, with the Duke of Edinburgh, she is to attend a service at Lambeth Palace for the rededication of the chapel.



FIG. 1. CHANDRAGUPTA I., FOUNDER OF THE DYNASTY, OFFERING THE RING TO HIS BRIDE, KUMARADEVI.

FIG. 2. THE REVERSE, SHOWING THE GODDESS ARDOXSHO, AN INDIAN INCARNATION OF THE ROMAN DEITY, ABUNDANTIA.



FIG. 3. A COIN OF SAMUDRAGUPTA. THE RULER IS SHOWN HOLDING A BOW AND ARROW.

FIG. 4. THE REVERSE OF THE ABOVE, SHOWING THE GODDESS ARDOXSHO.



FIG. 5. SAMUDRAGUPTA DEPICTED HOLDING THE BATTLE-AXE OF THE GOD OF DEATH. THE OTHER FIGURE IS OF A SOLDIER.



FIG. 6. SHOWING A DOOMED HORSE STANDING BEFORE THE SACRIFICIAL PILLAR. A COIN OF SAMUDRAGUPTA.

FIG. 7. THE REVERSE OF FIG. 6, SHOWING THE EMPRESS AS AN ATTENDANT OF THE HORSE.



FIG. 8. DEPICTING SAMUDRAGUPTA SEATED UPON A COUCH, PLAYING THE LUTE.



FIG. 9. KILLING A TIGER WITH BOW AND ARROW: A COIN OF SAMUDRAGUPTA II, REVEALING HIS DELIGHT IN HUNTING.



FIG. 10. THIS HUNTING SCENE SHOWS CHANDRAGUPTA II, SLAYING A LION.

THE discovery of a big hoard of the coins of the Gupta dynasty, ruling in Northern India 1500 years ago, buried in a copper pot near Bayana, about 125 miles to the south of New Delhi, is perhaps the greatest event in Indian numismatics in the present century. All the Gupta coins preserved in the different numismatic collections in the East and the West hardly exceed 2000; the present hoard contained more than 2200 pieces, of which as many as 1821 were recovered. Never before has so big a hoard of gold coins been discovered and recovered in India.

The discovery of this hoard, which was made in 1946, was quite accidental. The Maharaja of Bharatpur had gone on a shooting expedition with his guest, the late Field-Marshal Lord Wavell, then the Viceroy, in the jungle near Bayana. After the departure of the party, the children in adjacent villages went in search of empty cartridges; it was while digging for them that they accidentally lighted upon the copper pot containing the hoard. The pot was hardly one inch below the present surface of the ground. The unsophisticated discoverers thought that it contained copper buttons, but their guardians immediately recognised their real nature. There was a scramble for gold and about 300 coins were melted down and converted into ornaments. The Bharatpur State police, however, soon got scent of the discovery, and thanks to its remarkable efficiency, the greater part of the hoard was recovered.

The coins of the hoard are all issues of six Emperors of the Gupta dynasty, ruling between 310 A.D. and 468. The Gupta Empire was shaken to its foundation in c. 455 A.D. by the Hun invasion, which made life and property unsafe in the modern Delhi-Agra area. The unknown millionaire owner of the present hoard buried it in his field before fleeing as a refugee, hoping vainly to take it out on his return. The average weight of a coin of the hoard is about 125 grains; its bullion value in modern currency will be about £80. Some of the coins of the hoard are, however, so rare that they were purchased by coin collectors for £300 apiece.

The Gupta Emperors represented in the hoard are Chandragupta I. (310-325 A.D.), Samudragupta (325-370), Kachagupta (370-375), Chandragupta II. (375-414), Kumaragupta I. (414-455), and Skandagupta (455-468).

The coins of Chandragupta I., the founder of the dynasty, are extremely interesting and throw considerable light on the contemporary history. The Gupta Empire was founded after the marriage of Chandragupta with the Lichhavi Princess Kumaradevi. The Lichhavis were, however, a proud race; they were not prepared to lose their identity in the new empire, and insisted that the coinage of the new dynasty should give a visible proof of their contribution to its rise to eminence. The obverse of the coins of Chandragupta therefore show him as offering the wedding ring to his bride, Kumaradevi, who stands by him (Fig. 1); the reverse legend gives the name of the Lichhavis to whose clan the Queen belonged (Fig. 2).

The goddess on the reverse of the coins of Chandragupta (Fig. 2) is an Indian incarnation of the Roman deity Abundantia (Ardoxsho). It will be seen that though wearing a sari, she still holds the cornucopia full of fruits in her left hand. Effort is made here, however, to Indianise her by seating her upon a lion, which was the mount of the Hindu goddess Durga, the consort of Siva, the god of destruction. Ardoxsho first appeared on the coins of the Scythian rulers whom Chandragupta had defeated. It is interesting to note that on the obverse (Fig. 1) the king is wearing the Scythian overcoat and trousers, though his bride is wearing the usual Indian sari. This may recall the practice of modern India, where men are adopting foreign dress, but not women.

Samudragupta, the next ruler, who is sometimes described as an Indian Napoleon, on account of his extensive conquests, issued coins of several types. In his Archer type, on the obverse, he holds the bow in one hand and the arrow in the other (Fig. 3); the reverse continues to show the Roman goddess Ardoxsho on her usual throne (Fig. 4). The legend on the Battle-axe type describes the fiery conqueror as holding the battle-axe of the God of Death; we can clearly see it in his left hand (Fig. 5). Here the king is shown as surveying and directing the movements of a battle from a point of vantage; there is a soldier to report the latest events and receive the imperial orders. Samudragupta performed a horse sacrifice to celebrate the successful termination of his memorable expeditions and this event is commemorated by issuing coins of the Horse Sacrifice type. Here the obverse shows the doomed horse standing before the sacrificial pillar; how the noble animal has resigned itself to its impending doom can well be visualised from its mien and expression (Fig. 6). The reverse of this type shows the Empress in the rôle of an attendant of the horse, holding a fly-whisk in one hand and towel in the other (Fig. 7).

The obverse of the Lyrist type shows his Majesty seated upon a high-backed cushioned couch and engaged in playing upon a lute (Fig. 8). The king's torso is bare; the idea probably was to represent his Majesty seated on the terrace of his palace on a summer evening

BURIED 1500 YEARS AGO AND DISCOVERED BY CHANCE IN 1946. A RICH INDIAN'S HOARD OF THE GUPTA DYNASTY.

By DR. A. S. ALTEKAR, Chairman, Numismatic Society of India, Patna University, Patna.

The tiger is shown as collapsing.

The most interesting coins of Chandragupta II., the successor of Samudragupta, are of the Lion-slayer type, represented by thirty-eight specimens in the hoard. Here also the king is shown as shooting the lion at close quarters, but sometimes the king of beasts is shown as beating a retreat before the king of men (Fig. 10).

The most unusual piece of the hoard is a coin of Chandragupta II. of the *Chakravikrama* type. This type was previously unknown, and it is represented in the hoard by a single specimen only. The obverse (Fig. 11) shows the god Vishnu, the pre-eminent wielder of the divine wheel (*chakra*), as manifesting himself before his royal devotee, Chandragupta II. The god has a double halo and is offering three round objects to his royal devotee, who stands before him lifting up his hand to receive the gifts. The reverse of this type shows the goddess standing with a lotus in one hand and pointing at some object with the other (Fig. 12).

Chandragupta's successor, Kumaragupta I., is represented in the hoard by 628 coins issued in fourteen different types; we can refer to only a few of them. The most popular was the Horseman type, where the king is shown on the obverse as riding a horse and usually armed with a bow (Fig. 13). The "sporting" series of Kumaragupta is very interesting; his Majesty is shown as hunting the lion, the tiger, and the rhinoceros, and his Elephant-rider Lion-slayer type (Fig. 14) is particularly worth illustrating. The obverse shows the king as seated on an elephant, which is swinging to the right and trying to trample the lion under its front left foot. The lion is, however, anticipating the move of the elephant by trying to bite its right foreleg in its jaws, widely opened for the purpose. The king is supporting the elephant's effort by attacking the lion with a sword. Remarkable indeed is the skill shown in portraying the fury of the ponderous elephant, the cleverness of the supple lion and the determination of the agile Emperor.

The reverse of this type shows an equally interesting motif. The Queen, going out perhaps for an evening party, is followed by her pet, a peacock. She, however, is turning back and trying to send it away by offering a grapefruit (Fig. 15).

The rhinoceros is now almost extinct in India, but the Rhinoceros-slayer type of Kumaragupta indicates that such was not the case 1500 years ago. The obverse of this type shows the king riding a horse and leaning forward to attack the rhino in his front with a sword. Suddenly confronted by the wild beast, the horse raises its head in alarm. The beast bravely stands at bay, turning back its head to attack the king (Fig. 16). The reverse shows

the goddess Ganga (Ganges) standing on a crocodile, with a parasol-bearer behind her (Fig. 17).

In his King-and-Queen type, which was first disclosed by the present hoard, Kumaragupta imitates the only known type of his great-grandfather, Chandragupta I. The obverse of this type represents the king and the queen facing each other; but here the king is offering to his spouse not the wedding ring but a bunch of flowers (Fig. 18).

The *Apratigha* (Invincible) type represents a scene which cannot yet be interpreted with confidence. The obverse shows three figures standing (Fig. 19). The central one is certainly the king, for he is expressly named as such in the inscription by his sides. But why he should not be wearing a royal dress and should be folding his hands on his chest is a mystery. To his left there is a female figure standing in profile, with right hand bent up as if in the attitude of protest; her fingers are almost touching the cheeks of the king, with whom she is obviously expostulating. To the king's right is standing a male figure, also in profile, holding a shield in one hand and the Imperial Eagle standard in the other. The precise significance of this mysterious scene is not yet known to us. Most probably it represents the impending abdication of the king on religious grounds and the efforts made by his queen and crown prince (or commander-in-chief) to dissuade him. His folded hands suggest his inability to accept their plea. The legend on the reverse *Apratigha* (Invincible) probably refers to the adamantine resolve of the king to carry out his resolution. This side shows the goddess of Good Luck (Lakshmi) seated on a beautiful double-petaled lotus (Fig. 20).

King Skandagupta, in whose reign the hoard was buried, is represented in the hoard by a single coin only. It is, however, likely enough that the coins melted by the villagers included his issues.

This brief and selective description of an outstanding hoard may suffice to show how ancient Indian coins throw light not only on contemporary political history but also upon the art, manners, dress and practices of the age. A catalogue of the coins, prepared by the present writer, is being published by the Numismatic Society of India, Bombay, under the patronage of the Maharaja of Bharatpur, the owner of the hoard.

engaged in spending his leisure hours in music, his favourite hobby. Sport was another hobby of Samudragupta, and on one of his coin types we find him engaged in shooting an arrow at a tiger at close quarters. (Fig. 9).



FIG. 12. AN UNUSUAL COIN OF CHANDRAGUPTA II., ON WHICH THE GOD VISHNU IS SHOWN OFFERING GIFTS TO THE KING.



FIG. 13. A COIN OF THE NEXT RULER, KUMARAGUPTA I., SHOWING THE KING ON HORSEBACK AND ARMED WITH A BOW.



FIG. 14. THE KING MOUNTED ON AN ELEPHANT WHICH IS ATTEMPTING TO TRAMPLE ON A LION.



FIG. 15. THE REVERSE OF FIG. 14, SHOWING THE QUEEN FOLLOWED BY A PET PEACOCK, TO WHICH SHE OFFERS A GRAPEFRUIT.

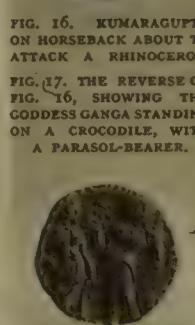


FIG. 16. KUMARAGUPTA ON HORSEBACK ABOUT TO ATTACK A RHINOCEROS.



FIG. 17. THE REVERSE OF FIG. 16, SHOWING THE GODDESS GANGA STANDING ON A CROCODILE, WITH A PARASOL-BEARER.

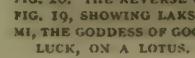


FIG. 18. KUMARAGUPTA AND HIS QUEEN, TO WHOM HE OFFERS A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

FIG. 19. A MYSTERY COIN WITH THREE FIGURES, ONE OF WHICH (THE CENTRE) IS THE KING. DOES IT REPRESENT THE KING'S AbdICATION?

FIG. 20. THE REVERSE OF FIG. 19, SHOWING LAKSHMI, THE GODDESS OF GOOD LUCK, ON A LOTUS.



**NELSON'S FLAGSHIP, FOR WHOSE PRESERVATION AN ADVISORY COMMITTEE HAS BEEN FORMED
H.M.S. VICTORY—EMBODYING THE GLORY OF TRAFALGAR AND THE TRAGEDY OF THE ADMIRAL'S DEATH.**

One-hundred-and-fifty years ago—on October 21, 1805—the battle of Trafalgar was fought and won ; and our great naval commander, Admiral Lord Nelson, hit by a bullet fired from the French ship *Redoutable*, died in the hour of victory. His flagship H.M.S. *Victory* (100 guns), launched in 1765, was paid-off in January 1806, and recommissioned and repaired in 1808. For the next few years she was in constant use, went to the Peninsular War and brought back some of Sir John Moore's men ; and became Admiral Saumarez's flagship.

In 1815 she was named for a flagship and six admirals wished to have her, but Waterloo put an end to the war. In 1825 she became the flagship of the Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, and remained afloat until 1922 when she was placed in dry-dock ; and is preserved as a memorial. Satisfaction was felt at the announcement on September 1 that the H.M.S. *Victory* Advisory Technical Committee had been formed to advise the Admiralty on measures necessary to preserve *Victory*, whose timbers are threatened by death-watch beetle.

Colour photograph by A. F. Kersting.



"THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT MADE GLOBOUS SUMMER BY THIS SUN OF YORK": EDWARD IV. (SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE) AND EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES (PAUL HUDSON) IN THE CORONATION PROCESSION, WHICH IS INTRODUCED INTO THE FILM



"I SHALL NOT SLEEP IN QUIET IN THE TOWER": THE YOUNG DUKE OF YORK (ANDY SHINE) AND EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES (PAUL HUDSON), HEAR FROM PROTECTOR RICHARD (SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER; RIGHT) THAT THEY WILL BE LODGED IN THE TOWER.



"'TIS DEATH TO ME TO BE AT ENMITY; I HATE IT, AND DESIRE ALL GOOD MEN'S LOVE": RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER; CENTRE), BY THE SICK EDWARD IV. (SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE; IN BED) AND QUEEN ELIZABETH (MARY KERRIDGE).



"LOOK HOW MY RING ENCOMPASSETH THY FINGER, EVEN SO THY BREAST ENCLOSETH MY POOR HEART": THE LADY ANNE, WIDOW OF EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, SON OF HENRY VI. (CLARE BLOOM), YIELDS TO THE WOOING OF RICHARD.



"GOD, AND YOUR ARMS, BE PRAISE'D, VICTORIOUS FRIENDS: THE DAY IS OURS. . . .": HENRY, DUKE OF RICHMOND, AFTERWARDS HENRY VII. (STANLEY BAKER).



WATCHING THE LADY ANNE (CLARE BLOOM) FOLLOWING HER LATE HUSBAND'S COFFIN EN ROUTE FOR WESTMINSTER: RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER), STATIONED AT A WINDOW OF THE PALACE.



"BEHOLD THE PATTERN OF THY BUTCHERIES": LADY ANNE, WIDOW OF EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, SON OF HENRY VI. (CLARE BLOOM), WITH RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER), AND THE CORPSE OF HER HUSBAND.



AS THE LADY ANNE NEVILL, WIDOW OF EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, SON OF HENRY VI, AFTERWARDS MARRIED TO GLOUCESTER: MISS CLARE BLOOM.



THE MURDER OF GEORGE, DUKE OF CLARENCE (SIR JOHN GIELGUD): THE ASSASSINS (MICHAEL GOUGH AND MICHAEL RIPPER), HIRED BY RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, DROWNING HIM IN A BUTT OF MALMSEY WINE.



THE MURDER OF THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER IN 1463: EDWARD V. AND HIS BROTHER THE DUKE OF YORK, SONS OF EDWARD IV. (ANDY SHINE AND PAUL HUDSON), SMOTHERED BY RICHARD'S ASSASSINS.



"SOFT; I DID BUT DREAM. O COWARD CONSCIENCE, HOW DOST THOU AFFLICT ME!": RICHARD III. (SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER) WAIVES FROM A NIGHTMARE IN WHICH HE HAS SEEN THE GHOSTS OF HIS VICTIMS.



THE IGNOminous END OF KING RICHARD III AT THE HANDS OF RICHARD, DUKE OF RICHMOND (HENRY VII)—THE WICKED GROSBACK—SLAIN AT BOSWORTH FIELD: THE TRUSSSED UP CORPSE BORNE AWAY FROM THE SCENE ON A HORSE.

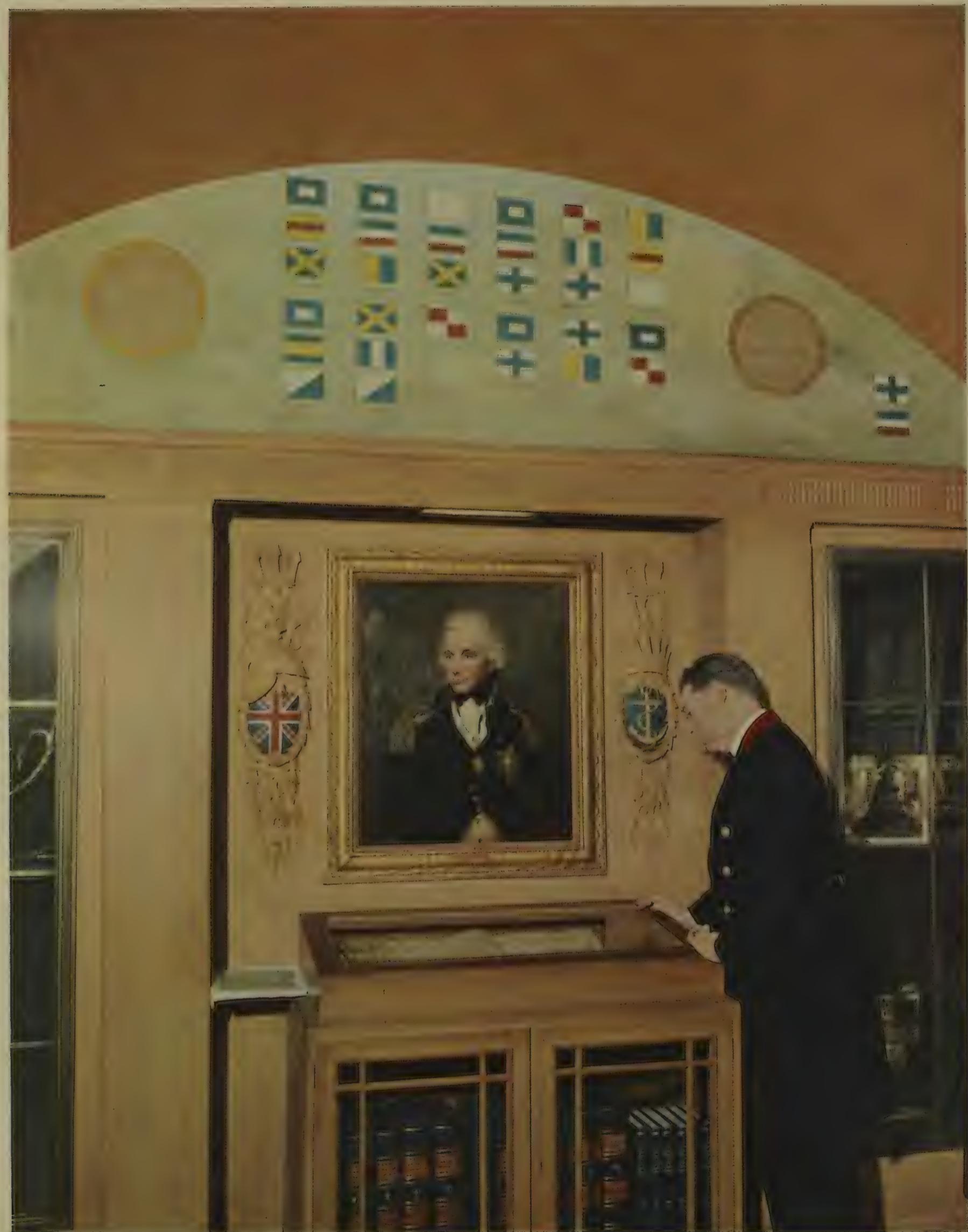
OLIVIER'S LATEST FILM PRODUCTION.

"Richard III," Sir Laurence Olivier's latest Shakespearean screen play produced, in association, by London Films and Laurence Olivier Productions, has been filmed in Vistavision and in Eastman Colour at Shepperton Studios, and will be distributed in the U.K. by Independent Film Distributors. It will, it is hoped, be seen in London in the autumn. In our issue of

December 4, 1954, we reproduced some stills in monochrome of this important production, and here give a selection in colour. Sir Laurence Olivier once again acts in the threefold capacity of producer, director and principal player in the title-role, and he is supported by an extremely strong cast, including Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Mr. Nicholas

Hannen, Miss Claire Bloom, who is making her first appearance in a Shakespearean film and other well-known players. Certain alterations have been made in the play, including the substitution of the corpse of Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Henry VI, for that of his father in the funeral scene, Scene 2 of Act I, in the play, so that Richard of Gloucester wins the Lady Anne

beside the dead body of her husband, not of her father-in-law. Also Jane Shore, mistress of Edward IV, who is mentioned in Shakespeare's text, but does not appear, has been introduced as a character, and is played by Miss Pamela Brown. The filming of the picture started in Spain where the sequences of the Battle of Bosworth Field (1485) were made.



WHERE OUR GREAT NAVAL COMMANDER'S MEMORY IS FOR EVER HONOURED: THE NELSON ROOM AT LLOYD'S, SHOWING THE TRAFALGAR MESSAGE REPRODUCED AS SIGNALLED FROM THE VICTORY.

The memory of Admiral Lord Nelson, our greatest naval commander, is for ever honoured in the room which bears his name at Lloyd's, the great business institution and hub of the insurance world. October 21 is the 150th anniversary of the resounding naval victory of Trafalgar, before which Nelson—who lost his life in the very hour of triumph—sent out his signal, "England expects that every man will do his duty." The famous and inspiring message, reproduced as signalled from Nelson's flagship H.M.S. *Victory*, occupies a space on the wall above his portrait, which is a copy of the painting by Lemuel Abbott in the National

Portrait Gallery. In the case below is preserved the rough log of *Euryalus* (36 guns, commanded by Captain the Hon. H. Blackwood at Trafalgar), and the row of blue cases in the cabinet underneath contain a number of historic documents on loan from Lloyd's Patriotic Fund, including lists of the British casualties at Trafalgar. The room also houses numerous other documents, and Nelson relics of various kinds. The attendants at Lloyd's are known as "waiters"; and the man wearing a uniform of navy-blue serge trousers and swallow-tail coat with a scarlet collar is the "Room" head waiter.

A EUROPEAN MEDLEY: OCCASIONS OF INTEREST FROM FIVE COUNTRIES.



A MALTESE POLITICAL MEETING THAT ENDED IN VIOLENCE: POLICE AT GRIPS WITH TROUBLE-MAKERS AFTER A CLASH BETWEEN NATIONALISTS AND LABOUR SUPPORTERS IN VALETTA. A mass meeting to protest against Maltese integration with Britain, organised by the Opposition Nationalist Party on September 11, broke up in disorder when, after heckling from Labour supporters, stones were thrown and mounted and foot police were called in. At least eight persons were injured.

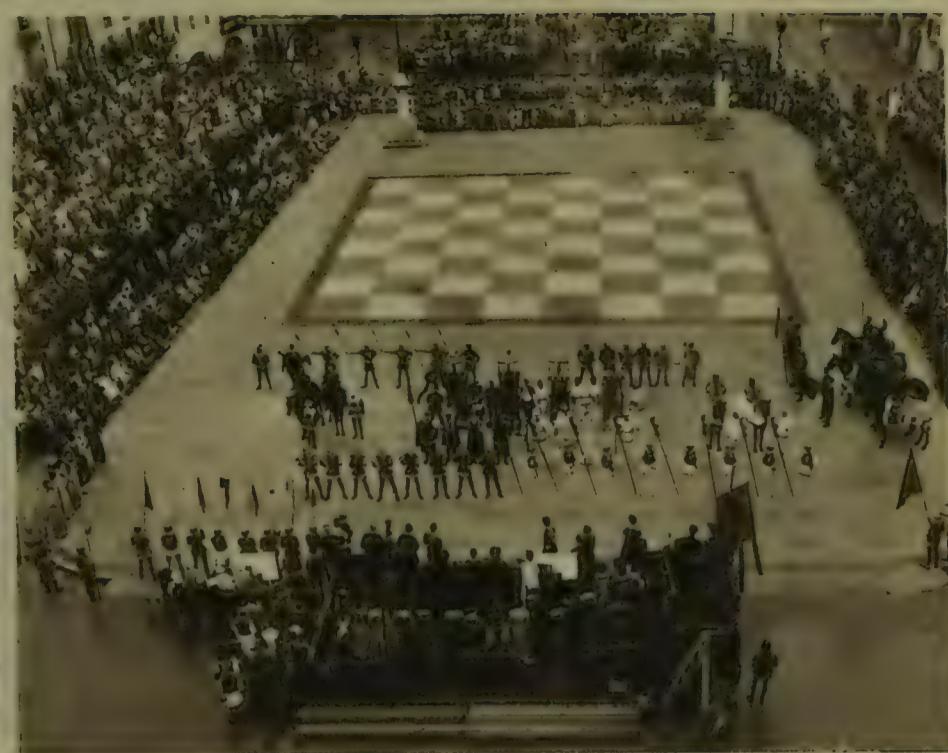


WINNING THE GRAND PRIX OF ITALY AFTER THE FASTEST ROAD RACE SINCE THE WAR: JUAN FANGIO, OF ARGENTINA, DRIVING A GERMAN MERCEDES-BENZ.

Europe's last Grand Prix motor race of the season, the Grand Prix of Italy, run at the Monza circuit on September 11, was won by Juan Fangio, afterwards declared world champion for 1955, in a German Mercedes-Benz at an average speed of 128½ m.p.h. Piero Taruffi, of Italy, also in a Mercedes, was second.



MEETING IN A BERLIN SQUARE ON THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE POTSDAM AGREEMENT: GERMAN REFUGEES AND RESETTLED PEOPLE FROM EAST AND WEST GERMANY. Ten years after the signing of the Potsdam agreement, Germany is still divided and thousands of Germans remain uprooted. At a mass meeting in West Berlin recently, a member of a youth movement from the Eastern sector kindled a flame which it is intended shall remain alight until Germany is reunited.



THE PRELUDE TO A TRADITIONAL CHESS GAME IN WHICH LIVING "PIECES" ARE USED: A SCENE FROM MAROSTICA, ITALY, WHERE AN ANCIENT STORY IS RE-ENACTED.

The traditional "Living Chess" game at Marostica, Italy, is said to derive from an ancient story of how two noblemen fell in love with the Governor's daughter and determined to fight a duel for her hand. Instead, the Governor decreed that the matter should be settled by a game of chess. Our photograph shows the black and white "pieces" lined up before the rostrum while the herald reads the Governor's ancient edict. The moves are decided by two players using a normal-sized chess board.



BEARING A GREAT CHURCHMAN'S BODY TO BURIAL: A SOLEMN SCENE DURING THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF Utrecht, THE LATE CARDINAL DE JONG. Boy scouts lined the route as the body of Cardinal Joannes de Jong, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Utrecht, was borne in solemn procession to burial on September 13. The hearse was flanked by clerics, bare-headed in spite of the steady rain. Foreign visitors included Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster.



EXCHANGING FORMAL LETTERS EMBODYING THE POSITIVE RESULTS OF THEIR TALKS: MARSHAL BULGANIN (LEFT) AND DR. ADENAUER, THE WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR. At the final session of the talks in Moscow between the Soviet Government and West German leaders on September 13, Marshal Bulganin and Dr. Adenauer exchanged formal letters embodying the results of their meetings, the most significant relating to diplomatic relations and German prisoners-of-war.



PLANTATION HOUSE, ST. HELENA. THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE IS THUS CALLED FROM THE FARM ORIGINALLY ESTABLISHED THERE BY THE EAST INDIA COMPANY, WHICH ONCE OWNED THE ISLAND. IT WAS BUILT IN 1793 AND RECONSTRUCTED IN 1951.

WHEN H.M.S. *Northumberland* approached the island of St. Helena on Sunday, October 15, 1815, the most eminent person aboard raised the glass to his eye and for some moments surveyed the rock-bound shores and the tiny port of Jamestown, dwarfed

(Continued below.)



A HOUSE WHERE NAPOLEON STAYED WHILE WAITING FOR LONGWOOD TO BE PREPARED FOR HIM: THE PAVILION ON THE BRAINS ESTATE, NOW PRIVATELY OCCUPIED BUT CAREFULLY PRESERVED.

Continued.)
by the surrounding hills. He is said to have remarked: "It is not an attractive place. I should have done better to remain in Egypt." In this fashion, General Napoleon Bonaparte, ex-Emperor of France, entered upon the period of exile that was to end only

(Continued above.)



BUILT FOR COMTE BERTRAND, NAPOLEON'S FRIEND AND CONFIDENT: THE VILLA FROM WHICH THE EMPEROR WATCHED THROUGH A TELESCOPE THE RACES HELD ON DEADWOOD PLAIN.

NEWLY REPAIRED AND REOPENED AS OTHER MEMORIALS OF NAPOLEON'S



THE SCENE OF NAPOLEON'S LAST RIDE ON ST. HELENA, FIVE MONTHS BEFORE HIS DEATH IN 1821: SANDY BAY, FROM STITCH RIDGE.

Continued.)
with his death less than six years later. The dwelling intended for him was called Longwood, once a farmhouse, but was being rebuilt for the distinguished prisoner. The alterations were not completed until the December following his arrival, and Napoleon was therefore accommodated temporarily on an estate known as The Brains, which was occupied by William Braine, the financial agent of the East India Company to whom the island belonged. Napoleon was allotted a pavilion, consisting of

(Continued below.)



HOW NAPOLEON FIRST SAW ST. HELENA: THE VIEW FROM THE SEA, SHOWING JAMESTOWN, THE ONLY TOWN OR VILLAGE ON THE ISLAND.

Continued.)
only one room, 20 ft. by 14 ft., with two attics overhead. Tents were put up in the garden to accommodate his staff. As Las Cases, who accompanied him to St. Helena, put it: "The Emperor . . . had to sleep, dress, eat, work, live and die in a space of 20 ft. by 14 ft." In his new home, however, Napoleon himself protested against this "infamous treatment," but soon after, he and his entourage moved to Longwood, which was larger and more comfortable. There he spent the rest of his life, reading, researching, doing his considerable writing with the aid of a limited vocabulary, translating his memoirs, and even learning English, which he read fairly fluently but refused to speak. He died on May 5, 1821, aged fifty-one. The subsequent history of those buildings on St. Helena with Napoleonic

(Continued above.)

A MUSEUM: LONGWOOD HOUSE, AND EXILE AND DEATH ON ST. HELENA.



FROM WHICH NAPOLEON PROTESTED TO THE GOVERNOR AT HIS "INFAMOUS TREATMENT" ON ST. HELENA: A DISTANT VIEW OF THE BRAINS (CENTRE, SLIGHTLY LEFT).

Continued.)
associations does not reflect great credit on the British Government, who had assumed control of the island during Napoleon's imprisonment and finally acquired it for the Crown in 1834. Darwin, who visited St. Helena two years later, wrote in "The Voyage of the Beagle": "With respect to the house in which he died, it is a very valuable . . . see the finely decorated rooms, scored with the names of visitors, to my mind was like beholding some ancient ruin wantonly disfigured." In 1840, a French

(Continued below.)



NAPOLEON'S TOMB. THE WOODEN FENCING ORIGINALLY SURROUNDING THE VALLEY WAS CONSUMED BY WHITE ANTS, AND HAS BEEN REPLACED BY CONCRETE POSTS.

Continued.)
deputation, headed by the Prince de Joinville, arrived at the island to take the body of Napoleon back to France. They found Longwood once again a farm, with threshing taking place in the drawing-room and the Brains's two houses in ruins. The British Government, who had sold Britain off Longwood House and the Valley of the Geranium, where Napoleon had originally been buried, could be ceded to France. This was accomplished, due to the personal intervention of Queen Victoria, and the house and tomb were restored as nearly as possible to their state in 1851. Longwood was again restored in 1854, in which year it was opened to the public as a Napoleonic museum. But during the last war, the house was attacked by white ants, necessitating more extensive repair work to the fabric. This was begun

(Continued above, right.)



NAPOLEON'S PERMANENT HOME ON ST. HELENA: LONGWOOD HOUSE, A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER THE EXTENSIVE REPAIRS FOLLOWING ATTACKS BY WHITE ANTS. THE HOUSE HAS NOW BEEN REOPENED AS A NAPOLEONIC MUSEUM.

Continued.)
in 1952, the cost being met by the French Government. At the same time, the wooden fencing surrounding the Valley of the Geranium was replaced by concrete posts after being destroyed by white ants; flower-beds were laid out around the tomb.

(Continued below.)



LONGWOOD HOUSE AND GARDEN. IN THE FOREGROUND IS ONE OF THE PATHS SUNK BY NAPOLEON'S ORDER SO THAT HE COULD ESCAPE THE NOTICE OF THE SENTRIES POSTED ROUND THE HOUSE.

Continued.)
The house was reopened to the public as a Napoleonic museum in March this year. A living link with Napoleon is Jonathan, the sole survivor of three tortoises introduced on the island in the eighteenth century. [Photographs and descriptive notes by Violet Gilmour.]



DID HE SEE NAPOLEON? JONATHAN THE TORTOISE IS THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THREE BROUGHT TO THE ISLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THAT there should be fashions among things of such natural grace and beauty as plants and flowers has always seemed to me a rather dreadful thing. It is,

however, a phenomenon from which there would seem to be no escape. For as long as I can remember, gardeners and flower-lovers have been willing victims of passing vogues and fashions among the plants they cultivated and admired, only to find, eventually, that they were too, too outmoded. Quite often, however, such vogues swing back, and the plants which had become outcasts, almost pariahs, are found to be not so bad after all. Then, in a short while, the hunt is up. Folk start collecting, growing and treasuring the one-time outcasts. Some grow them for their real intrinsic charm and beauty, but often, such plants acquire a secondary appeal as "antiques," rarities, even curiosities. With some people, I'm afraid, these last attributes become almost more important than essential beauty.

Two races of plants—fuchsias and pelargoniums (more popularly known as geraniums)—enjoyed immense popularity in Victorian times, and then fell almost completely out of fashion. To-day both are booming, even to the extent of the founding of a Fuchsia Society. I'm not sure that there is not a Pelargonium Society too, but if there is not, it seems pretty certain that there soon will be. Camellias have passed through very much the same stages of waxing, waning, and again waxing popularity. I can remember the time when these splendid flowering shrubs were grown by most people who had a cool or an unheated greenhouse for their accommodation. In those days few realised that they could be grown perfectly well in the open air, that they were as hardy as laurels, and that all they demanded was a peaty or, at any rate, an acid soil. I can recall one drawing-room in particular in which vases of camellias were always to be found when in season. Always they were cut with pathetically short stems, and "arranged" with maidenhair fern. The vases which contained them were definitely of the Victorian period. Two other things in that drawing-room remain vividly in my memory. A clock on the mantelpiece and a spinning-wheel—oh, so artistic—in a far corner. The clock, which stood under a glass shade, was extremely gilt, and had, as pendulum, a gilded cherub on a swing, which wagged back and forth at a dizzy pace. There were, too, plumes of pampas grass collecting dust in a tall vase, and heads of bulrush in another vase. The bulrushes were considered almost as artistic as the spinning-wheel. But without doubt the camellias were the crowning glory of that room. You see, they were fashionable, as well as being slightly exotic. But before I was much older camellias went clean out of fashion, and with them the vases which had held them. Too, too Victorian!

To-day, camellias are well to the fore; in fact, more so than ever they were, especially as it has been discovered that they will flourish in the open as long as the soil is right. And, oddly enough, the vases that I have mentioned have come back into fashion too, collectors' period pieces. All fashion, pure fashion, and, for all I know, the gilded cherub on his swing is now worth his weight in gold, pure gold, owing to pure fashion. During recent years another

OLD GARDEN ROSES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

vogue or fashion has set in among garden flowers. A few folk started collections of the old garden roses, the almost forgotten varieties of a hundred or more years ago. At first it was almost exclusively amateurs who collected and grew these old roses, but in more recent years several nursery firms have taken them up, formed extensive collections, and started offering them in their catalogues, and now, the latest manifestation of this vogue, this specialised fashion in the cultivation of roses, takes shape in the publication of a large and sumptuous book—"Old Garden Roses."* But perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the publication of this

work has begun with the production of the first of the six volumes which the completed book is to comprise. It seems appropriate that this Part I. of this treatise on what may fairly be described as period roses, should open with a List of Subscribers, five pages of them. Such a list is surely "period," too. There is an Authors' Preface telling how the great work was inaugurated, and this is followed by a lengthy and scholarly essay by Sacheverell Sitwell on the subject of Old Roses in general, their cultivation, their merits, and otherwise. The author knows

what he is writing about, having cultivated a collection of some 150 different varieties in his own garden. There follows an extremely interesting chapter on "The History of Old Garden Roses," by James Russell.

The five volumes, or parts, still to make their appearance will comprise: Part II., the Gallica Group, with colour-plates of eight varieties; Part III., the Centifolias; Part IV., the Albas and Damascenas; Part V., the Chinese and Bourbonianas; and Part VI., Rugosas, Hybrid Perpetuals, Francofurtana, Macranthas and Virginiana Plena.

Without doubt "Old Garden Roses" will, when completed, prove a valuable contribution to our knowledge of these fascinating survivals from an earlier age in horticulture. It has inevitably certain disadvantages. As a book of reference, or as a book to read, it is cumbersome. Convenience has been sacrificed for wide margins and sumptuous appearance. I find the eight illustrations in colour, reproduced from water-colour drawings by Charles Raymond, disappointing. In referring to them in his Author's Preface, Sacheverell Sitwell compares them with the work of Redouté. I can not help feeling that it would have been kinder to have left Redouté out of it. I find the technique in many of Charles Raymond's drawings hard and laboured, whilst in some cases the specimens chosen are scrappy and look lost and somewhat "skied" upon their extensive pages, especially the yellow *Rosa rugosa hybrida*, "Agnes" and *R. gallica* "Hippolyte." The latter, with its violently curved stem, is quite untypical of any spray of roses that I have ever seen or want to see. Its attitude suggests some saucy parakeet hanging inverted from its perch. "Bourboniana Honorine de Brabant" is a rose which I have never met in real life, and, judging by the drawing of it facing page 40, it is not a rose that I want to meet or grow. The blotchy complexion of its flowers, and the weak-in-the-neck stems which carry them, make it appear more of a curiosity than the lovely thing a rose should be.

There is one attribute which will make this work of especial value to present-day gardeners. Almost without exception the varieties mentioned and described are not only in cultivation and in commerce, but may be obtained from one or other of the nurserymen who are making a speciality of Old Garden Roses.



ROSA ALBA "CELESTIAL": FROM ONE OF THE COLOUR PLATES FROM PAINTINGS IN WATER-COLOUR BY CHARLES RAYMOND, IN PART ONE OF "OLD GARDEN ROSES," BY SACHEVERELL SITWELL AND JAMES RUSSELL.

"Suppose, though," writes Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, "that it is a question of choosing an old rose! There could be nothing lovelier than a bush of Alba 'Celestial,' with buds that are an embodiment of the rose, that are as if fashioned in the summer night by seraphic hands and hung, unerringly, upon the boughs. Alba 'Celestial' grows to the height of a human being, so that you do not have to stoop down. . . ." And of Mr. Raymond's paintings of roses, Mr. Sitwell writes: ". . . we may feel that he has thrust his hand into the rose bush until the thorns have pricked him. He paints to the heart of the rose; and the graceful or artistic arrangement of the rose bush is no concern of his. We get, it may be, a more truthful portrait of each subject than with the painter of the roses of La Malmaison (Redouté), where every flower is a lovely neophyte or coryphée, all are dew-fresh and rose-scented, and we get the graces but not the rigours of the *école des roses*."

Reproduced from the book "Old Garden Roses"; by courtesy of the publishers, George Rainbird Ltd.

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* "Old Garden Roses: Part I." By Sacheverell Sitwell and James Russell, with 8 Reproductions in Colour from paintings by Charles Raymond and a Foreword by Graham Thomas. (George Rainbird, Ltd., in association with Collins; £7 7s. for the first part.) (The five later parts will appear at approximately annual intervals.)

DEVISED BY A MASTER CHEF: THE SOYER STOVE'S CENTURY OF SERVICE.



DEMONSTRATING HIS FIELD KITCHEN BEFORE SEBASTOPOL: ALEXIS SOYER (LEFT) WITH LORD ROKEBY (CENTRE) AND GENERAL PÉLISSIER. THE OCCASION WAS ENLIVENED BY MUSIC FROM A MILITARY BAND, PUNCTUATED BY THE BOOMING OF GUNS FROM THE RUSSIAN FORTRESS. FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF SEPTEMBER 22, 1855.

IN the issue of September 22, 1855, *The Illustrated London News* contained a letter from one A. Soyer, reporting on a field cooking-stove of his invention, tried out before Sebastopol. "Seven of my camp-stoves [he wrote] were placed in the open air on the esplanade in front of the Guards and Highlanders, containing the various specimens of food, recipes for which were distributed throughout the Camp. . . . By the time the other cooking apparatus arrives the whole of the army will be able to cook under my new system, which is now recognised by all who witnessed it to be expeditious, clean and economical, especially in the consumption of fuel." He was at pains to point out that among the witnesses were Generals Pélissier and Simpson. The former wrote: "I was much pleased with everything I saw there. I was especially struck with the economy in the saving of time and consumption of fuel introduced in the administration of the army." General Simpson commended the soup, and wished the inventor every possible success. The introduction of the stove to the British army standing before Sebastopol proved revolutionary. It was, as Soyer claimed, simple, quick, clean and economical in labour and in fuel. Fuel at that juncture was scarce in the Crimea, and the new stoves saved over 3000 pounds a day. The food, moreover, tasted exquisite to men accustomed to feeding on biscuits and rum, and pieces of salt pork. At the time of this innovation, M. Alexis



MASTER CHEF, INVENTOR, AUTHOR AND HUMANITARIAN: ALEXIS SOYER, A CONTEMPORARY ENGRAVING FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF AUGUST 14, 1858.

Soyer was already famous in an England resplendent with famous names. He had assumed control of the noted kitchens of the Reform Club eleven years earlier and had produced a stream of gastronomic delicacies such as London had never previously known. His supreme "hundred-guinea dish" at the banquet, at which Prince Albert was present, given at the York Guildhall to launch the 1851 exhibition, was a current sensation; it included turtle heads, capons, grouse, partridges, plovers, snipes, quails, woodcock, stuffed larks and ortolans, with a garniture of cockscombs, mushrooms, truffles, asparagus, sweetbreads, crawfish, olives and mangoes. It was thought sufficiently magnificent to merit a separate engraving in the account of the festivities appearing in the contemporary *Illustrated London News*. It may be considered strange that Soyer possessed a social conscience. He provided soup kitchens for the poor (one was set up in Leicester Square) and went to Dublin during the Irish famine and distributed sustenance in vast quantities. He wrote discerning cookery books and was the author of several sauces and relishes. He narrowly escaped drowning in the winter of 1850 when he fell through the ice in St. James's Park into deep water, and died, widely lamented, eight years later, at the age of fifty. It is a far cry from the Crimea to the Western Desert, and from the bivouacked British of 1855 to the mechanised Eighth Army of the last war, but the amazing fact is that Soyer's stove provided cooked meals as efficiently for the modern soldier as for his ancestor a century ago.



STILL IN SERVICE NEARLY NINETY YEARS LATER: BRITISH TROOPS COOKING BY SOYER STOVES IN THE WESTERN DESERT DURING THE LAST WORLD WAR.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. REFLECTIONS ON MUIRHEAD BONE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

ON the last day of August the heat-wave was over, so I was told, but that afternoon the narrow canyon of Old Bond Street seemed to retain something of the furnace temperature of the previous weeks, and I was glad to turn into Colnaghi's. I found there an unheralded little exhibition apparently arranged for the express purpose of beguiling casual dawdlers like myself, who were in no mood for major excitements. I suspect it was arranged as a between seasons stop-gap. If so, it was a happy choice, for who could be more coolly refreshing than the late Sir Muirhead Bone, who indulged in neither rhetorical grimaces nor self-conscious affectations. He died, honoured and beloved, in 1953, at the age of seventy-seven, leaving behind him a lengthy series of etchings which, for quality and technical skill, have been frequently compared with those of Piranesi, and a great multitude of drawings in chalk or pencil or water-colour, or a combination of the three, which demonstrate both the breadth of his interests and the flexibility of his natural gifts.

Some people tell me that his somewhat romantic approach to both scenery and buildings is old-fashioned, by which they appear to mean that he avoids both short cuts and the more obvious distortions, and to imply that there is some special virtue in eccentricity for its own sake—a theory which I, for one, find difficult to accept. At the same time, I would hasten to add that his vision, accurate though it is, is not that of a camera, unable to discard non-essentials. Every artist with a definite personal style both distorts and discards to some degree, and his success can be measured by the extent to which he induces us to see the world through his eyes. We stroll by the Thames any autumn evening, and we say, "How like a Whistler!" We see a great building shrouded in a delicate tracery of scaffolding, or a plaza in Spain, and we say, "There you are—Muirhead Bone!" Such men as these—and, thank heaven, there has been a great multitude of them throughout the centuries—by virtue of their skill, allied to imaginative visual perception, make manifest beauties to which we other poor mortals, earth-bound as we are, are blind until they have opened our eyes. It was said of Muirhead Bone (though whether this really offers any explanation of his undoubted gifts is debatable) that he was equipped with one eye which was long-, and the other short-sighted; but my guess is that he would have been a no less imaginative draughtsman had his sight been normal. I always find these theories of optical eccentricity most unconvincing; people have even attempted to account for El Greco by suggesting that he was astigmatic.

Painting—that is, painting in oils—was not Muirhead Bone's *métier*; it is as a draughtsman that he would wish to be judged, and in this respect his eye was impeccable. Moreover, he was granted that rare gift of being able to start at one side of a sheet of paper and end at the other exactly where he wanted—a gift he shared with his slightly younger

contemporary Picasso, different though they are in every other way. This leaves the majority of us, and particularly people like myself who can't draw for toffee, speechless with admiration. He began his career in Glasgow in an architect's office, not necessarily a sound discipline for a would-be artist, for it encourages a boy to be formally technical and no more; but it could well have been useful to the young Muirhead Bone (provided he escaped in good time, as he did), because it would help to give him that understanding of, and feeling for, the very essence of stone and bricks and mortar which is one of his characteristics—at least it seems so to me, for I think that in his drawings of buildings he has, as often as

not, the eye of a Canaletto, so lovingly, in his more detailed studies, does he render the texture of stone and the way in which light reflects from it. This is particularly noticeable in one or two of the pencil drawings of Oxford in this exhibition, in which the most delicate gradations of tone are indicated with extraordinary precision. But I suppose this extreme nicety of touch is one of the least of his gifts. He possessed the ability to define a whole expanse of water, land and sky with a line at once nervous and firm, and make it into something wholly delightful by means of a few summary brush-strokes in water-colour, as he has done in his view of distant Copenhagen. It is little more than a slight scribble but renders well enough the firmness and clarity of his vision. But, then, this is one of the charms of this particular show: of the fifty-odd drawings none are of any great size, and I doubt whether any one of them is what the pundits would label as "important," such as the remarkable drawing of St. Bride's Church, which was published in these pages some years ago. I now hear that the Arts Council is proposing an extensive exhibition in which his whole work will be reviewed, when I shall hope to see not only drawings and etchings, but lithographs. Among these last I would give high place to a series he did during the First World War, of shipyard scenes on the Clyde, notably one from the cab of a great grab crane, and a coloured lithograph of Lord Beatty's flagship *Lion* as she was building—a most dramatic study of her beautiful bows seen from ground-level. All this was part of his work as the first official artist to be appointed during first war. He was the veteran among the official war artists of the second, and told me once, with a chuckle, how, as an unsoldierly-looking figure with a temporary commission as a major in the Marines, he was rebuked by an earnest sergeant-major for wearing his hair too long.

When he was a young man his ambition was to do for Glasgow what a painter like Van der Heyden did for Amsterdam in the seventeenth century—an ambition which the average visitor to that somewhat grim city may consider impossible of fulfilment. Perhaps he did not wholly succeed in so difficult a task; what he did accomplish was to bring those formidable stones and the bustle of a great industrial city to life. I should imagine that the more gracious buildings of Oxford were more to his taste, and many consider that the series illustrating the university are his finest work. Others hold that he really found himself later, when he ventured abroad and felt the influence of the hot sunshine of Spain; the result was a magnificently illustrated

volume with the text by his wife, Gertrude Bone. Fig. 2, "Penitents, Good Friday Night, Granada," is a fine example of his use of coloured chalks in his broadest manner. I am probably a trifle out of step with the rest of the world in deriving most pleasure from such a drawing as Fig. 1, "Roman Morning," partly because it has such a limpid air, but mainly because Bone has used pen, black chalk and water-colour in a combined operation with, to me, extraordinary felicity. I suspect that those fortunate people who can draw will denounce me for liking this particular scrap of paper for wholly inadequate reasons; I console myself with the thought that very, very few of them can do anything half as good.



FIG. 1. "BONE HAS USED PEN, BLACK CHALK AND WATER-COLOUR IN A COMBINED OPERATION WITH, TO ME, EXTRAORDINARY FELICITY": "ROMAN MORNING." (12½ by 9 ins.)



FIG. 2. "A FINE EXAMPLE OF HIS USE OF COLOURED CHALKS IN HIS BROADEST MANNER": "PENITENTS, GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT, GRANADA," BY MUIRHEAD BONE. (10½ by 18 ins.)

Photographs reproduced by courtesy of P. and D. Colnaghi and Co., Ltd.

RADAR VERSUS ROAD-HOG—IN CANADA.



RADAR CONTROL OF "ROAD-HOGS" IN CANADA: A LONG-TERM EXPERIMENT IN ONTARIO, WITH AN ELECTRO-MATIC SPEED METER STANDING BESIDE A POLICE CONTROL CAR.



IN THE POLICE CONTROL CAR, AN OFFICER IS WATCHING THE RADAR METER AND HOLDING THE SPEAKER OF A TWO-WAY RADIO, LINKED WITH ANOTHER CAR.

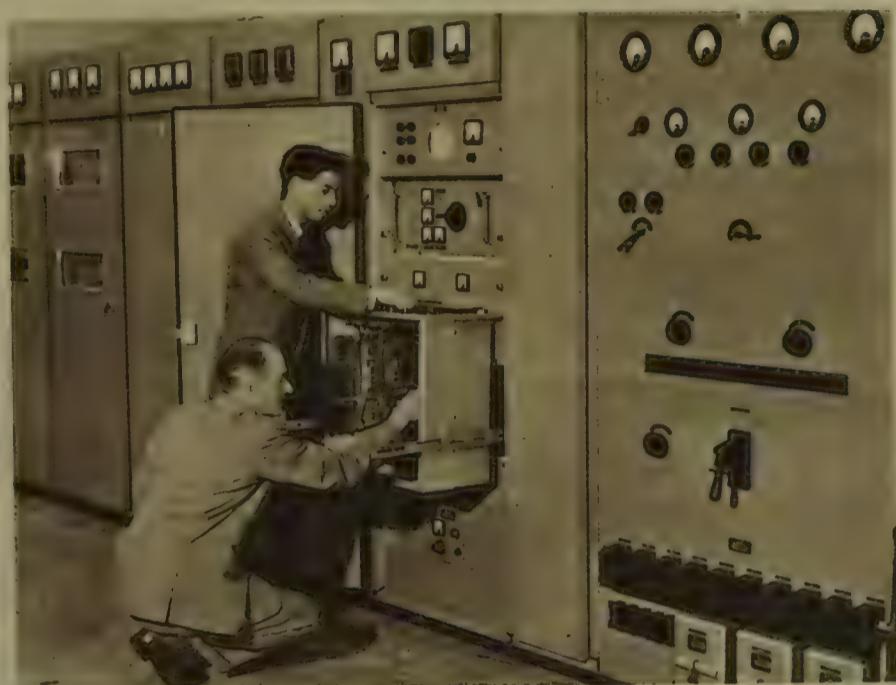


IN THE CANADIAN METHOD OF RADAR CONTROL OF SPEEDING TRAFFIC: AN APPARATUS WHICH RECORDS THE SPEED OF PASSING CARS FROM ZERO TO 150 M.P.H.

In our issues of December 18, 1954, and April 23 this year we recorded and illustrated an Australian use of radar to check motor-car speeds, used by police on the Prince's and Pacific Highways to catch and control speeding motorists. We here report a similar Canadian development, and the use by the provincial police of Ontario of an Electro-Matic Speed Meter. This device, which registers and records the speeds of passing cars, is installed with one police car beside the road (with warning notice), and the officer in charge is in radio communication with another car, used for interception, a few miles further on. As a result of its use on two roads near Ontario over six months in 1954, 515 motorists were charged and convicted, with fines totalling over 6000 dollars, and 531 other motorists were warned. The cost of the original pair of radar-timing units was about 2600 dollars. In the first three months of 1955, 528 motorists were prosecuted and convicted.

THE FIRST U.K. COMMERCIAL T.V. STATION.

On the evening of September 13, Great Britain's first commercial television station, at the top of South Norwood Hill, was opened by the Mayor of Croydon, who pressed the programme selector button and started the transmission of the Independent Television Authority's test card. This transmission, accompanied by a continuous sound tone, was to be continued for 6½ hours each day until September 22, when commercial television proper was to begin. The station, a one-storeyed building, houses a transmitter hall, a control-room, and a third department which will screen films in case of breakdown. Reception of the signal was reported to be good in most parts of the service areas, including Welwyn to the north, Tilbury to the east, Henley to the west, and Horley to the south; and the signal was also received by places as far apart as Margate and Northampton.



INSIDE ENGLAND'S FIRST COMMERCIAL TELEVISION STATION: ENGINEERS AT WORK IN THE TRANSMITTING HALL OF THE CROYDON STATION, OPENED FOR TEST SIGNALS ON SEPTEMBER 13.



THE CONTROL DESK OF THE CROYDON COMMERCIAL TELEVISION STATION ON SOUTH NORWOOD HILL. BEYOND THE WINDOW CAN BE SEEN THE TRANSMITTING HALL.



THE MAYOR OF CROYDON, ALDERMAN W. BERNERS PRICE (RIGHT), SWITCHING ON THE FIRST COMMERCIAL TELEVISION. (CENTRE) SIR KENNETH CLARK, CHAIRMAN OF I.T.A.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE following letter from Hans Martin, the popular Dutch author, appealed to me, and I felt it should be shared with others. It runs as follows:

Your article about the fox of August 20 brought back some vivid memories. It was in the summer of 1890 and my mother took me, her youngest son, then four years old, with her over the Dutch border to visit some relatives in the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg, in the country between the small town of Yeyer and the brand-new naval base of Wilhelmshaven.

One of these relatives was a lonely man nearing sixty living in the midst of very old and dark woods (very probably they are aerodromes by now!). His title was Ober Förster, a man responsible for the upkeep of the woods, a specialist in forestry. It took us hours by carriage to reach his little cottage, and there, to my immense delight, the very first thing I saw was a big kennel with a short-haired fox terrier and a fox. There were other animals: tame field-mice which came running from all directions when the Ober Förster whistled, and tame green and brown lizards, but I simply could not leave the kennel. In our home in Leyden we had a big stuffed fox serving as a foot-rest for the open fire, but this was the first living one I ever saw. Dog and fox played in a very lively manner and sometimes the fox would snarl, showing its teeth, but then the dog showed fight and the fox retired meekly. The terrier, though smaller, was very much the master.

The fox did not run for cover when I came quite near, and so the Ober Förster decided to let him out. However, my mother intimidated the fox and he did not venture near the gate until my mother went inside the cottage.

Then the Ober Förster took out a flute and played several tunes, to which fox and dog danced on their hind-legs, their front paws touching each other's necks. They were wearing neither collars nor chains. I was warned not to make any noise and did not. The sight fascinated me and the music was enchanting.

After the performance both animals got some meat and biscuits and were sent back to the kennel.

The Ober Förster was a man of endless patience and an accomplished musician.

FOXES BY DAY AND NIGHT.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

Perhaps this story appeals to me the more because it symbolises the kind of things I would like to be able to do. In any event, the story allows me the opportunity of returning to the subject of foxes and, incidentally, doing something towards rectifying a misunderstanding evidenced on this page two weeks ago. On that occasion I was discussing the colour and pattern of a genet's coat, pointing out that although it seems to provide the perfect protective coloration, at night, the only time the genet is fully active, the white patches in it become conspicuous. As I put it then, "her body tends to disappear just

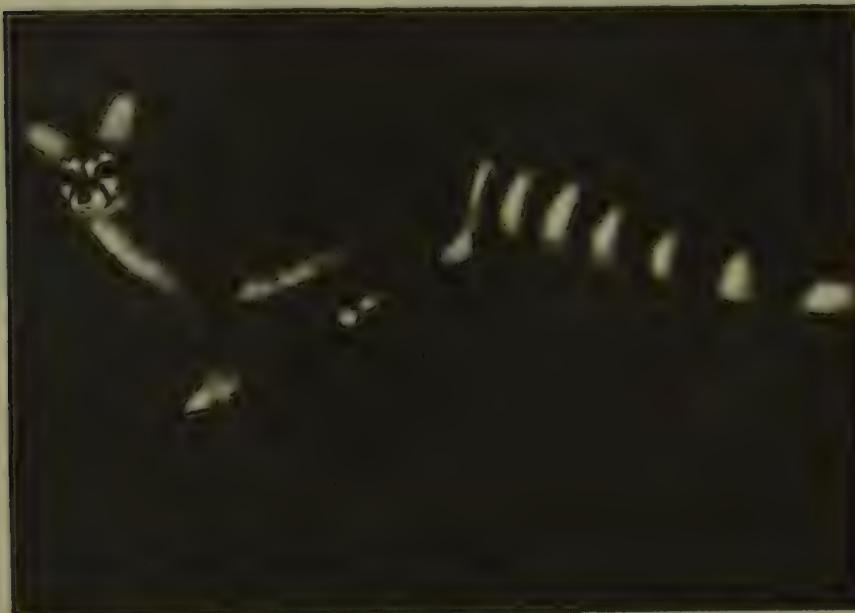
estimate is based upon observation of a fox restricted to a relatively small area of free movement. In other words, under circumstances in which you know where to look for him. But if a thing does not strike the eye, any colour except white will be inconspicuous. The truth is, from my experience, that a fox is inconspicuous only when the animal itself so intends it. That is, he is so adept at effacing himself by making use of every available piece of cover that a camouflaged coat is hardly necessary, his tricks of behaviour are enough.

In fact, what gives away the presence of the fox is the amount of white on its body. The insides of the ears are white, there are white patches on the face, the throat and chest are white, and this area extends somewhat on to the sides of the neck. The insides of the legs are white, and the white from the chest extends along the whole under-surface, overlapping, to an extent, the outer front margins of the thighs. Finally, there is the white tip to the tail. When asleep, that is, at a time when a camouflage is most needed, something of this white always shows, unless the fox is asleep among vegetation. Moving slowly the white is again conspicuous; even when the animal is racing hard the white flashes, but among vegetation this might easily produce a dazzle effect, thus tending to obscure the animal's precise whereabouts. In short, the only time a fox is really hidden is when it crouches flat on its belly, with the head laid along the paws, the ears turned back and laid flat, and the tail pressed close to the ground.

Foxes are generally supposed to be active mainly at night. Certainly, left to himself, our *Fox* begins to be active at about sundown and has retired to his earth soon after dawn. He will come out by day if we entice him to play. He will also lie out sometimes to sun himself. But his really active period is at night, when a camouflage is less necessary. Then, however, it is that the white patches show up. On a night of



A YOUNG FOX SEEN IN DAYLIGHT. IT SEEMS OBVIOUS TO SUPPOSE THAT THE SANDY-RED COAT OF A FOX AFFORDS ITS WEARER A PROTECTIVE CAMOUFLAGE. THIS MAY BE TRUE OCCASIONALLY UNDER CERTAIN SPECIAL CONDITIONS BUT FOR THE MOST PART A FOX IS CONSPICUOUS EXCEPT WHEN, BY SOME TRICK OF BEHAVIOUR, IT SEEKS ACTUAL CONCEALMENT. ANY CAMOUFLAGE EFFECT OF THE RED COAT IS OFFSET BY THE WHITE PATCHES ON VARIOUS PARTS OF THE BODY, WHICH ARE VISIBLE IN PART OR WHOLE EVEN IN DARKNESS.



ANOTHER NOCTURNAL ANIMAL: A GENET SEEN IN A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH HAS BEEN BLACKED OUT EXCEPT FOR THE WHITE PATCHES, SOME OF WHICH ARE VISIBLE EVEN IN INTENSE BLACKNESS AT SHORT RANGE.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

The Grand Duke often came to play the piano with him and stayed then for many days in the cottage, away from his capital, where, of course, nobody missed him.

When I was ten years old I made a long stay in the house of the Director of the Rotterdam Zoo. He was a once-famous Swiss explorer, named Dr. Büttikofer, and used to enter all cages, nursing sick tigers, romping with lions. He possessed the rare talent for befriending wild animals, and, as a small boy, I dare say I mastered that art to a certain degree under his leadership. He confessed, however, that befriending a fox seemed a hopeless case. When I told him about the Ober Förster he did not at first believe me, taking the story for a childish fantasy, but when my mother confirmed every word of it he came to the conclusion that the close comradeship with the terrier (*de facto* his born enemy) might have caused the development of a more doglike attitude. The most remarkable being his apparent love for the master, the dog, the home and the kennel. The fox never attempted to run away.



A PHOTOGRAPH OF A FOX BLACKED OUT EXCEPT FOR THE WHITE PATCHES, GIVING AN IMPRESSION —AND NO MORE—OF HOW THESE APPEAR AT NIGHT, VARYING OF COURSE WITH THE POSITION OF THE FOX AND THE DENSITY OF THE NIGHT. IT SEEMS LIKELY THAT THE WHITE PATCHES MAY SERVE FOR RECOGNITION MARKS BETWEEN MEMBERS OF THIS NOCTURNAL SPECIES.

as did the Cheshire cat, but she leaves behind the equivalent of the grin." This is an effect which cannot, of course, be photographed, and it was intended that the third photograph on the page should have been blacked-out except for the white patches, to illustrate the effect produced at night.

This same effect can, however, also be seen in a fox. It is so easy to point to the general sandy-red coat of a fox and suppose that its primary purpose is that of a camouflage. I have watched this closely and often in our tame fox, and from this close observation it seems to me that he is not inconspicuous against any background, although theoretically he should be. Whether the background is green foliage or grass, the brown of russet-faded foliage, dead leaves or bare earth, or a combination of these, an active fox can be readily seen at a distance of 50 ft at least. Admittedly this

medium darkness the phantom formed by the white patches is easily visible to the human eye at 12 ft. On the darkest night the white tip of the tail is just visible at 6 ft.

I do not pretend to have interpreted fully the fox's colour pattern. It does seem, however, that the white patches are intra-specific recognition-marks necessary in a nocturnal animal, whether fox or genet. The emphasis in interpreting the colour patterns in such animals should be, therefore, not so much on whether the general colouring is a camouflage as whether it is a sufficiently neutral tint not to afford too great conspicuity. After that, all that counts is how far the conspicuous white patches, by which the animals can recognise their own kind, are so disposed on the body that in moments of emergency they can be obscured.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



AN AUSTRALIAN SENATOR DIES :

MR. GEORGE MCLEAY.

The death occurred at Adelaide, on September 13, of Senator George McLeay, aged sixty-three. He had been Minister of Shipping, Fuel and Transport in the Australian Commonwealth Government since 1950. During the last war he was a member of the Australian War Cabinet, latterly as Postmaster-General until the Menzies Government was defeated.



A LEADING INDUSTRIALIST DIES :

LORD INVERFORTH.

For many years a leading figure in the shipping industry and in other branches of commerce, Lord Inverforth died at his home in London on September 17, aged ninety. He served the Government as Surveyor-General from 1917-19, and was created a baron. He was Minister of Munitions from 1919-21.



ENGAGED IN THE MOROCCAN

DISCUSSIONS : BEN SLIMANE. A Nationalist delegate in the protracted discussions aimed at settling the Moroccan crisis, ben Slimane, the former Pasha of Fez, returned recently from Madagascar, where, with other delegates, he had seen the former Sultan, Ben Youssef. He began new discussions on September 17 with the French Resident-General.



PRESSED TO ABDICATE :

SULTAN BEN ARAFA.

Part of the intense disagreement that attends the Morocco question centres on Sultan Ben Arafat, who has been urged by the French Government, who installed him in place of Ben Youssef, to abdicate. He stated on September 5 that he had no intention of vacating the throne, stressing the divine nature of his mission.

A FORMER ITALIAN C.G.S. DIES :
GENERAL TREZZANI.

The death is reported from Rome on September 13 of General Claudio Trezzani, formerly Chief of the Italian General Staff. He was seventy-four. Taken prisoner with the Duke of Aosta's forces in 1940, he was repatriated in 1945, when he succeeded Marshal Messe as the Italian C.G.S. and played a major part in rebuilding the Italian Army.

APPOINTED FRENCH
HIGH COMMISSIONER IN
TUNISIA :

M. ROGER SEYDOUX.

On September 13 the French Government named M. Roger Seydoux the first High Commissioner in Tunis. M. Seydoux, who is forty-seven, has for the past year been Minister-delegate to the Resident-General in Tunisia, and has been closely concerned with the negotiation of the home rule agreement in the protectorate.

APPOINTED BRITISH
AMBASSADOR AT
BRUSSELS :

MR. G. P. LABOUCHERE.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Mr. G. P. Labouchere, Minister in Budapest since 1953, to be British Ambassador to Belgium. He succeeds Sir Christopher Warner, who is retiring. Mr. Labouchere, who is forty-nine, has previously served in Madrid, Cairo, Rio de Janeiro, Rome, Stockholm, Buenos Aires and Vienna.



PRESENTING HIS CREDENTIALS ON ARRIVING IN DELHI :

MR. MALCOLM MACDONALD, THE NEW INDIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER.

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the new High Commissioner in India, arrived in Delhi on September 11 to take up his post, and on September 13 he presented his credentials to President Prasad. In a subsequent speech on September 14, the High Commissioner described the relations between Britain and India as a necessary bridge between East and West.

AWARDED NANSEN MEDALS : MRS. ELEANOR
ROOSEVELT AND QUEEN JULIANA, WHO WAS
REPRESENTED BY BARON BENTINCK.

At a ceremony in Geneva on September 17, Nansen Medals were presented to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and to the Dutch Ambassador, Baron Bentinck, who received it on behalf of Queen Juliana of the Netherlands. The medals are awarded by the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees for services to the humanitarian cause of refugees.

AFTER WINNING THE U.S. SINGLES LAWN-TENNIS TITLE : T. TRABERT,
HOLDING THE TROPHY, WITH HIS WIFE.

On September 11, T. Trabert, the Wimbledon champion, won the United States men's singles lawn-tennis title at Forest Hills, New York, when he defeated the Australian title-holder K. R. Rosewall 9-7, 6-3, 6-3. Trabert is the first player since 1952, when F. Sedgman, of Australia, won both titles, to win the Wimbledon and United States titles in the same year.

REPORTED TO BE LEADING
THE ARGENTINE REBELS :
GENERAL BALAGUER.

Three months after the last rising in Buenos Aires, fighting again broke out in Argentina when units of the armed services rebelled against the Peron régime. Leading the rebel forces is General Balaguer, recently accused of subversive activities.

RECEIVING HIS TROPHY AFTER WINNING THE PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS' MATCH
PLAY CHAMPIONSHIP : K. BOUSFIELD (RIGHT).

The *News of the World* professional golfers' match play championship was won at Walton Heath on September 17 by K. Bousfield, of Coombe Hill, aged thirty-five, who beat E. C. Brown, of Buchanan Castle, in the thirty-six-hole final by four and three. He is shown in the above photograph being presented with the winner's trophy by Sir John Hay, captain of the Walton Heath Golf Club.



MR. F. L. LUCAS, AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Frank Laurence Lucas was born in 1894 and educated at Rugby School and Trinity College, Cambridge. He is a Fellow and Lecturer of King's College, Cambridge, and University Reader in English. He is the author of novels, plays, poetry, short stories and criticism.

with their authors. Mr. Lucas's book, again, is stated to be an expansion of a series of lectures which he delivered in his capacity of Cambridge don; and, ever since I was a freshman at Mr. Lucas's University, I have been, however irresolute in other ways, a most determined and assiduous dodger of lectures. Lectures seem to me a superannuated form of communication inherited from the Middle Ages, which had so much excellence to transmit to us which we have lost, and from which we have inherited, and obstinately retain, a mode of instruction which should have been rendered obsolete by the art of printing. If something interests or bewilders one in a book, one can return and reconsider it: if desirable, a dozen times. But the lecturer gallops on, or drones on (according to the "style" of the lecturer), and one retains nothing of what he has said except for a few bleak little notes about "Quo Warranto" or "The Constitutions of Clarendon" in an exercise-book. But stay! I am referring to lectures in the History School. Mr. Lucas lectures in the School of English and I dare say that his pupils have to wrestle with problems like "Chaucer's Astronomy" or "The Character of Lady Macbeth." They would be better engaged, to my thinking, in applying themselves to books which they would not read, in any event, for pleasure, and which, whether classical, mathematical or historical, they would find extremely interesting if they were disciplined, or forced, to apply their noses to them. Several years ago I met a young, and extremely agreeable and intelligent, undergraduate from Oxford (just as much incomprehensible rubbish is being produced by Cambridge men—I have the Boat-Race mentality only once a year) and asked him why he, and so many of his contemporaries, were writing so-called verse which had no melody, no heart, no sense, no lucidity, no humanity. His reply was that they had been academically compelled to study all the best poems of the best poets, knew that they couldn't vie, and felt that they must produce something different. That way lies death. Let a suffering, thinking man with an ear, and a sense of words, be himself, and he can't help being different, inevitably coloured by the climate of his time. Let him say "I shall be different," and he will attract fleeting attention, and ultimately vanish with all the pretenders of all ages who cared more about cutting a figure than about being sincere.

However, my notion about "cramming" people with their native literature and examining them on it may be kept for another place and time: my business here is reviewing a book. And why, since I have admitted that the nominal theme does not attract me, nor the reminder of lectures, am I devoting myself to this particular book? The answer is that for many years I have found it both easy and enjoyable to read anything by Mr. Lucas which has come my way, whether in prose or verse. He himself has

THE QUALITIES THAT ENDOW LANGUAGE.

"STYLE"; By F. L. LUCAS.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"STYLE" is, to me, rather a forbidding title: the word itself is misty: sometimes it is used as a synonym for mannerism. Anyhow, I have, as a rule reluctantly, read quite enough books on the subject, and am tired of either agreeing or disagreeing

a great capacity for enjoyment and a preference for "dignity and grace"; and the qualities which he admires in other men he possesses in full measure. For years he has seemed to me to be the nearest kin, in the academic world, to the great old English Professors of the last age: George Saintsbury and his coevals at several provincial Universities, Walter Raleigh whom Cambridge gave to Oxford, and Quiller-Couch whom Oxford gave to Cambridge, which, I think, because of "Q's" unquenchable youth, union of creative and critical power, and enthusiasm for the encouragement of youth when he himself was ageing, got the better of the exchange.

There comes a sort of admission (by no means reluctant) of this affinity in Mr. Lucas's early pages. "Many educators astonish me. It is not only that they often do not seem to know what is worth knowing. They constantly forget how much we forget. But a skill once acquired—for example, the

power to speak and write and enjoy one's own language, or another—is less easily lost, more quickly recovered, than mere accumulations of facts. And it seems to me more important to go out into life able to think straight and communicate clearly than even to know—and remember—the contents of every English book since Cædmon. Then, like Medea, even if you lose everything else, you still can feel 'Myself remains.' Whereas, stuffed geese, even if stuffed with the Universe, remain geese.

"One might have thought then, that a prime object of education in English would be to learn to write it." If you read Q's 'Art of Writing,' you will see how passionately he hoped that would happen here. And I remember how he would grunt with wistful irritation over some of the abstruser critics then in fashion: 'But the fellows can't write!' He could. And partly for that reason I suspect that some of those who thought him 'out of date' will be far sooner out-of-date themselves.

"Since then, English has taken a wider place in our schools and Universities. But quantity is not quality. And one may sometimes wonder whether this vast increase is really serving either English literature or the English character.

"One disastrous mistake, I cannot help thinking, is the fantastic stress now laid on reading and writing 'criticism.' The critics are often blind guides—and in any case there are many more valuable activities, for which the longest life is all too brief. And criticism is not a science whose elements can be mass-taught to adolescents—it is a difficult art, at which adults are seldom a notable success. With the young the result is often that they either regurgitate the judgements they have been taught, or else, if they have a natural and healthy rebelliousness, the opposite of what they have been taught. Thence it is possible to arrive by easy stages at the happy notion, not uncommon among 'intellectuals,' that taste consists of distaste, and that the loftiest of pleasures is that of feeling displeased; and thus to end by enjoying almost nothing in literature except one's own opinions, while oneself is incapable of writing a living sentence."

I have quoted a long passage from Mr. Lucas's book, which tends to confirm remarks I have made earlier. I could have quoted a great deal more from him which would have supported the same argument: not out of

a silly liking for controversy, but from an inherited love of civilisation, country and language. I dare say that, here and there, a man of my tastes, opinions and propensities, might find points on which to quarrel with Mr. Lucas (though I have found none), but I don't see how anyone who has been guided by love, whether of life, people, the music of the spheres and of the heart, could fail to see that here is a man, and a don at that, in an age of dismal analytical reduction, and the "democratic" leading of the blind by the blind, the official Soviet instruction to geneticists that they must deny the influence of heredity and the tendency, in this country, amongst the leaders of the ignorant, to think that, if Tom, Dick and Harry go to a University (Oxford and Cambridge oddly preferred), they will suddenly turn, because of "education," into geniuses, who look at things as they are, and at men as they are.

The book, like "Q's," might have been called "The Art of Writing"; but, alternatively, "The Art of Reading," "The Art of Considering" or "The Art of Living." It is a congeries of thoughtful essays and a beautiful anthology; and it is too rich and varied for me to give an indication of the pleasures in store for every reader of it.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 540 of this issue.



RESTORED TO BRILLIANT COLOUR AFTER FIVE MONTHS OF INTENSIVE WORK: A FRESCO BY G. F. WATTS ENTITLED "JUSTICE; A HEMICYCLE OF LAW-GIVERS," WHICH HE COMPLETED IN 1860, IN THE HALL OF LINCOLN'S INN, AND WHICH WAS LONG IN A STATE OF DECAY.

Extensive repairs to the roof and windows of the Hall of London's Lincoln's Inn have been completed in time for the start of the Michaelmas Term in October. After five months of work, Mr. Maurice Bradwell, an artist-restorer, has succeeded, where many experts have previously failed, in bringing back the colours and details of G. F. Watts's great fresco which covers the upper portion of the north wall. The fresco, which was completed in 1860, soon began to disintegrate, and some fifty years ago benchers were told that it was impossible to arrest the decay of the surface. Now the rich colours have once more come to light where previously all that was visible was a vague white-and-brown fresco. The thirty-three figures include symbolic ones of Truth, Mercy, Justice, famous law-givers in history and others. Several of the figures are portraits of Watts's contemporaries: Minos is Tennyson; Justinian is said to be Sir William Harcourt; and Ina, King of Wessex, is Holman Hunt.



REPLACING THE OLD COAT-OF-ARMS ABOVE THE COURTYARD OF SOMERSET HOUSE: THE NEW COAT-OF-ARMS OF KING GEORGE III., WHICH HAS BEEN HAND-CARVED FROM BLOCKS OF PORTLAND STONE.

Somerset House, in the Strand, which was completed in 1790, now has a new coat-of-arms of King George III. above the courtyard. The old coat-of-arms had fallen with time into a state of dangerous disrepair, and its only use was to serve as a guide. This photograph shows Mr. C. A. Randall (left) and Mr. F. Wills (top), who have created this new coat-of-arms under the direction of Mr. H. Wadley (chief stone carver), and the architect, Mr. E. G. Edwards (extreme right) of the Historical Buildings section of the Ministry of Works.

THE BRITISH ATHLETIC TRIUMPH AT PRAGUE: SOME NOTABLE VICTORIES.



THE FINISH OF THE WOMEN'S 100 METRES, WITH MISS A. PASHLEY (RIGHT) WINNING IN 12.2 SECs. FROM MISS H. ARMITAGE (LEFT), WITH THE TWO CZECH GIRLS THIRD AND FOURTH.



MISS DIANE LEATHER WINNING THE 800 METRES IN THE FINE TIME OF 2 MINS. 6.9 SECs., FOLLOWED BY MISS N. SMALLEY, WHO WAS SECOND IN 2 MINS. 10.6 SECs.



MISS THELMA HOPKINS (LEFT), WHO WON THE HIGH JUMP WITH 1.71 METRES (5 FT. 7 1/4 INS.) FROM MISS O. MODRACHOVA (RIGHT), WHO CLEARED 1.69 METRES (5 FT. 6 1/2 INS.).



MISS HOPKINS FOLLOWING UP HER VICTORY IN THE HIGH JUMP BY WINNING THE LONG JUMP AT 6.06 METRES (19 FT. 10 1/2 INS.). MISS HOSKIN WAS SECOND.



TWO HEROES OF THE MATCH: GORDON PIRIE (LEFT) AND EMIL ZATOPEK (RIGHT). PIRIE WON THE 5000 METRES, BUT ZATOPEK BEAT HIM IN THE 10,000 METRES.



B. HEWSON (RIGHT) IN THE 1500 METRES, WHICH HE WON IN 3 MINS. 48.4 SECs. JUNGWIRTH, NEXT TO HEWSON, WAS THIRD, K. WOOD (OBSCURED) BEING SECOND.

The two-day athletics match between Great Britain and Czechoslovakia held in the Strahov Army Stadium at Prague on September 14-15, ended in a double British victory, the men winning by 117 points to 95 and the women by 58 to 48. The outstanding events of the first day were the men's 5000 metres and the women's 800 metres and high jump. The 5000 metres was a most exciting race, with Pirie, Zatopek and Norris fighting the whole of the distance to a storming finish in which Zatopek was able just to overhaul Norris—they had the same time, 14 mins. 4 secs.—but not to catch Pirie, who produced his second-best time for the distance, 14 mins. 3.8 secs. The Czech second string, Tomis, was never



J. I. DISLEY LEADING AT THE WATER JUMP IN THE 3000 METRES STEEPELCHASE, WHICH HE WON IN 9 MINS. 6.4 SECs. FROM HIS COMPATRIOT, C. W. BRASHER (LEFT).

in the hunt. Miss Leather's victory in the 800 metres equalled the best done by Mrs. Otkalenko against Britain in Moscow (2 mins. 6.9 secs.) and has only been beaten by the world record (2 mins. 6.6 secs.) held by Mrs. Otkalenko. Miss Thelma Hopkins won the high jump on the first day and on the second the long jump as well. On the second day Zatopek avenged his defeat in the 5000 metres by beating Pirie in the 10,000 metres, which he won in 29 mins. 25.6 secs. to Pirie's 29 mins. 54 secs. F. D. Sando was third. Other notable events were Hewson's victory in the 1500 metres and those of Miss Pashley in the 100 metres and Miss Scrivens in the 200 metres.

MANNERISM IN GOLDSMITHS' WORK: SUPERB OBJECTS ON VIEW AT AMSTERDAM.



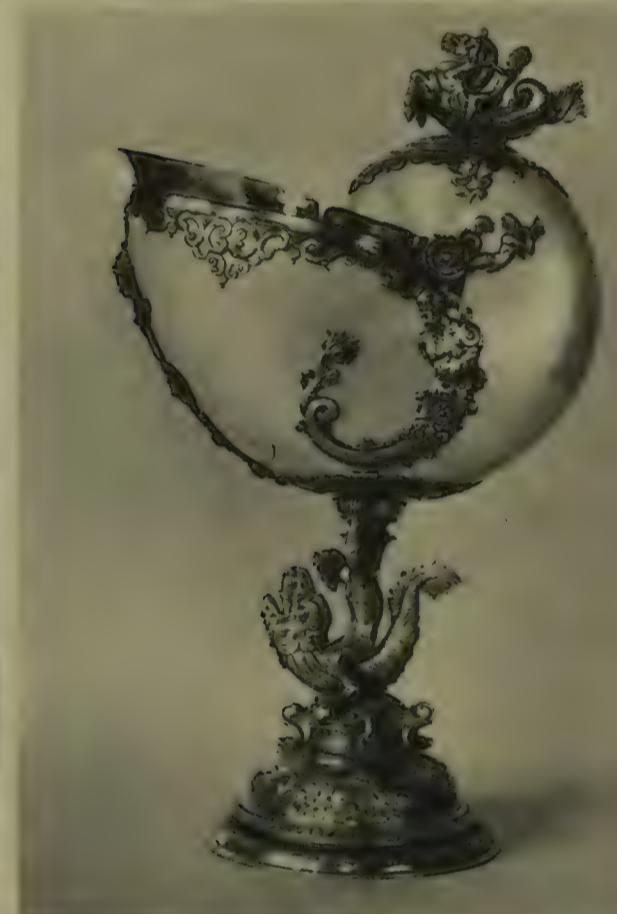
AN ENAMELLED AND JEWELLED GOLD BOWL, BY HANS KARL, C. 1590. (Height, 4½ ins.; diam., 7½ ins.) (Munich: Schatzkammer Residenzmuseum.)



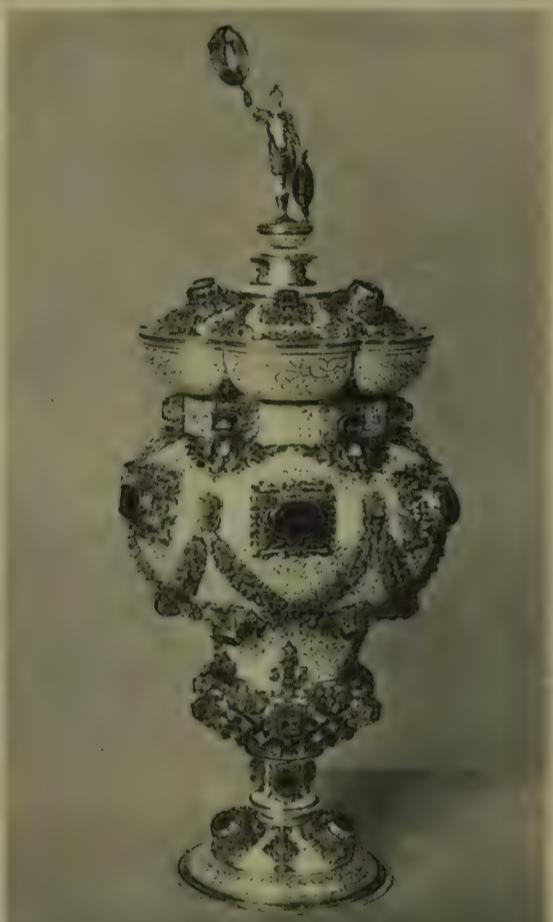
BOAT-SHAPED GOBLET OF PETRIFIED PALMWOOD, SILVER-GILT AND JEWEL-SET; BY JOHANNES LENCKER, OF AUGSBURG, C. 1615. (Height, 1 ft. 1½ ins.) (Munich: Schatzkammer Residenzmuseum.)



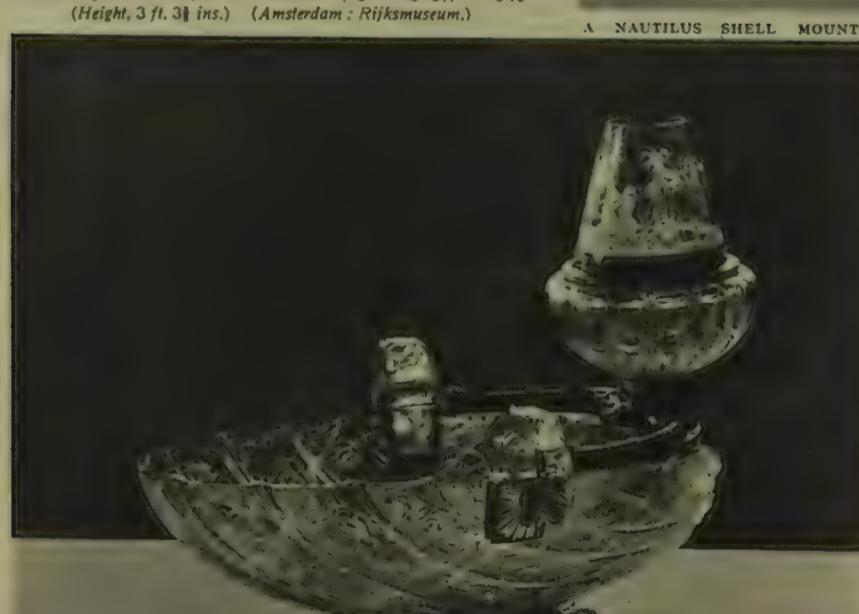
TABLE ORNAMENT OF SILVER-GILT ENAMELLED, BY WENZEL JAMNITZER, OF NÜRNBERG (1508-1585), C. 1545. (Height, 3 ft. 3½ ins.) (Amsterdam: Rijksmuseum.)



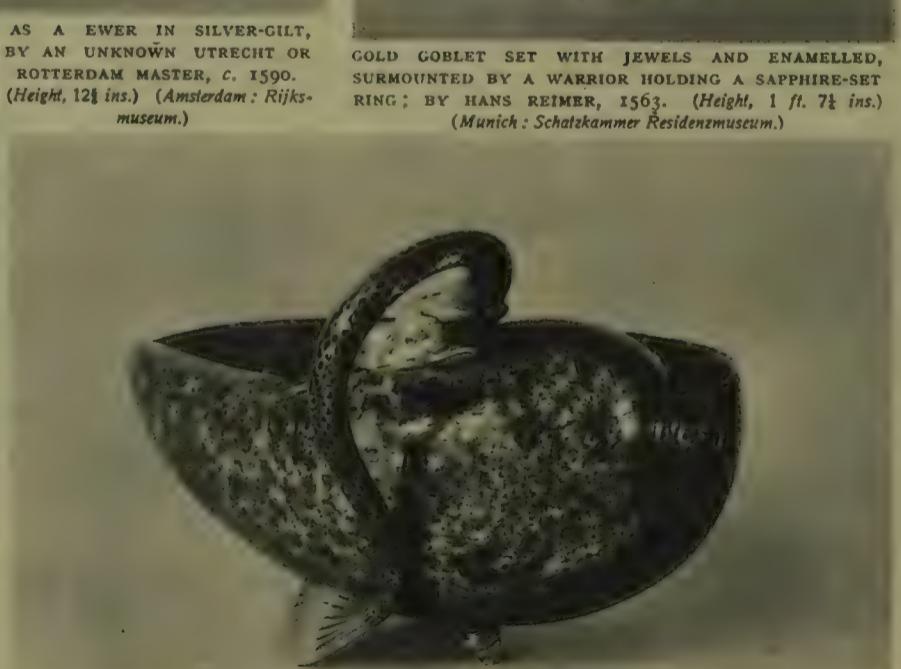
A NAUTILUS SHELL MOUNTED AS A EWER IN SILVER-GILT, BY AN UNKNOWN Utrecht OR ROTTERDAM MASTER, C. 1590. (Height, 12½ ins.) (Amsterdam: Rijksmuseum.)



GOLD GOBLET SET WITH JEWELS AND ENAMELLED, SURMOUNTED BY A WARRIOR HOLDING A SAPPHIRE-SET RING; BY HANS REIMER, 1563. (Height, 1 ft. 7½ ins.) (Munich: Schatzkammer Residenzmuseum.)



DRINKING-BOWL OF CUT ROCK CRYSTAL SET IN ENAMELLED GOLD; WORKSHOP OF ANNIBALE FONTANA, MILAN, C. 1575. MADE FOR ALBERT V. OF BAVARIA. (Height, 9½ ins.) (Munich: Schatzkammer Residenzmuseum.)



SNAIL-SHAPED CUP OF LAPIS LAZULI AND GOLD, WITH FISH-SHAPED HANDLE; BY BERNARDO BUONTALENTI AND JACOMO DELPE BILIVERT, C. 1580. (Height, 3½ ins.) (Florence: Museo degli Argenti.)

One of the outstanding features of the "Triumph of Mannerism" Exhibition which opened at the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam, on July 1 (and is to continue until October 16), is provided by the magnificent display of goldsmiths' work. The objects on view, some of which we illustrate on this and the facing page, include goblets, bowls and ornamental pieces of gold and silver, gilt, enamelled and set with jewels; of rock crystal and of such objects as nautilus shells mounted

with the richest and most lavish materials. Examples of the skill of famous artists including Benvenuto Cellini; members of the Lenckner family; Bernardo Buontalenti, pupil of Michelangelo (who was an architect, sculptor and theatrical designer as well as a goldsmith), and others are on view. These men worked for the wealthy sixteenth-century Princes of Central Europe and Italy, and the objects they produced conjure up the luxury and splendour of the Renaissance.

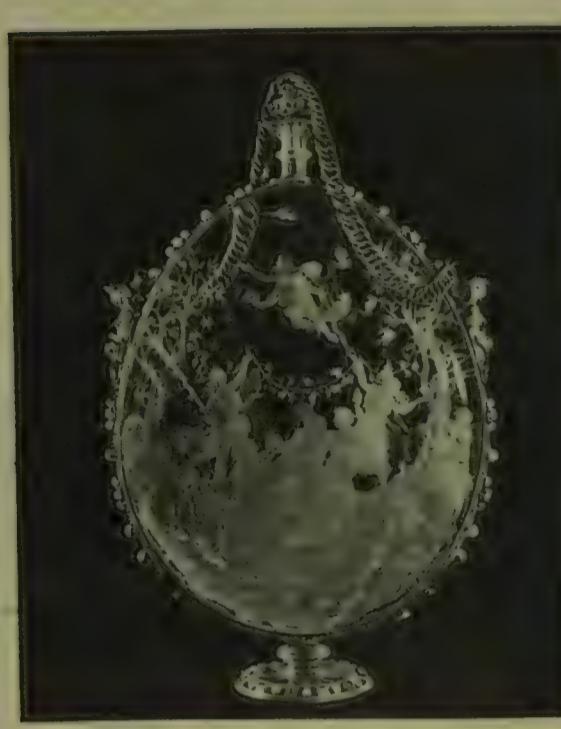
"THE TRIUMPH OF MANNERISM":
AN AMSTERDAM EXHIBITION.



ROCK CRYSTAL VASE, JEWELLED GOLD HANDLES, C. 1575. MADE BY A MILAN MASTER, PROBABLY ANNIBALE FONTANA. (Height, 1 ft. 7½ ins.) (Munich: Schatzkammer Residenzmuseum.)



"PERSEUS," BRONZE STATUETTE, BY BENVENUTO CELLINI (1500-1571), C. 1545. MODEL FOR THE STATUE IN THE LOGGIA DEI LANZI. (Height, 2 ft. 3½ ins.) (Florence: Museo Nazionale.)



PILGRIM BOTTLE, CUT ROCK CRYSTAL, MOUNTED IN ENAMELLED JEWEL-SET GOLD, C. 1575. (Height, 1 ft. 5½ ins.) (Munich: Schatzkammer Residenzmuseum.)



EWER AND DISH, SILVER-GILT, SET WITH TURQUOISE, C. 1570. (Ewer height, 1 ft. 2 in.; Dish diameter, 1 ft. 4½ ins.) (Munich: Schatzkammer Residenzmuseum.)



CASKET OF SILVER AND ENAMEL, BY HANS AND ELIAS LENCKNER, OF NÜRNBERG, C. 1585. (Height, 11½ ins.; length, 1 ft. 3½ ins.) (Munich: Schatzkammer Residenzmuseum.)



EWER OF LAPIS LAZULI AND ENAMELLED GOLD, BY BERNARDO BUONTALENTI AND JACOMO DELFE BILIVERT, C. 1580. (Height, 10½ ins.) (Florence: Museo degli Argenti.)



HARP OF THE ESTE FAMILY, BEARING FIGURES OF THE MUSES; ASCRIBED TO JEAN LE POT AND GIULIO MARESCOTTI, C. 1587. (Height, 5 ft. 1 in.) (Modena: Pinacoteca Estense.)



VASE OF AGATE WITH ENAMELLED GOLD MOUNTS AND HANDLES, C. 1570. BY AN UNKNOWN ITALIAN GOLDSMITH. (Height, 9½ ins.) (Munich: Schatzkammer Residenzmuseum.)

Much interest has been roused by the splendid exhibition "The Triumph of Mannerism" in the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam, which opened on July 1 and will continue until October 16. The scope of the exhibition is wide, as it illustrates what is known as the Mannerist style in Europe between the period of Michelangelo and that of El Greco. Paintings, drawings, tapestries, sculpture, medals and goldsmiths' work are among the objects on view. The Queen and the Queen of the

Netherlands head the list of lenders and these also include public museums and private collectors from many countries in Europe, and from the United States. On this and the facing page we illustrate some of the sumptuous examples of goldsmiths' work made to the order of Princes of the Renaissance, great patrons of the arts, who sought to be surrounded with objects of high intrinsic value as well as of fine craftsmanship.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

TRAVELLER'S TALE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THIS is the record of a complicated journey. There is no need to tell it in strict time-sequence; let me weave in and out and begin at that frontier post which is described as "the point of attrition between two huge wheels." A character in the play—Ugo Betti's "The Burnt Flower-Bed," translated by Henry Reed—uses the term, and we know that the dialogue is not to be strictly realistic, that the characters are often to employ a heightened, occasionally stilted speech that, nevertheless, can have its effect in the theatre. It is not a play of tossed snip-snap monosyllables—all to the good, though I wonder what critics who have objected in their time to the rotundity of Pinerotic dialogue will make of such a phrase—at a dramatic moment towards the end—as "rigorous concatenation."

However, I have no desire to grumble about Mr. Reed's text, which comes to us, at the Arts, as civilised and understanding. And the late Ugo Betti was clearly a dramatist of power, though he is given to the prolonged pause, the false portentousness, the hazy debate. What matters is that he can hold an audience, though not everyone at a first hearing—dramatists should think more of this—will have grappled with the theme (responsibility in its various forms) that he elaborates with so much care. His people are not obvious types; they are acted so well at the Arts Theatre Club that the piece seems more important than it is. Yvonne Mitchell has developed a remarkable emotional poignancy. In these days she acts with the entire body: the wife, in a daze of sorrow, will remain with me longer than anything else in the

Prime Ministers looking like a cross between Machiavelli and Metternich—the usual huddle from some obscure Balkan state of peak and pine, known only to the dramatist, but obviously bordering on Ruritania. Instead of those forgotten and endeared simplicities, we have now the intellectuals' Ruritania, the police state, the air charged with menace, the dialogue

Iceland; but, before the night is over, we have warmed to him as, I think, Sandy Wilson felt we would. (Kenneth Williams is the actor: credit to him.)

This is nothing like "The Boy Friend." Mr. Wilson is not gazing anything. It is straight, quick, and generally amusing (agreed, we can have too much of precocious children in the theatre), and performances

are very much in the vein. I liked especially Betty Warren and Eliot Makeham as the gentle editor, and her equally gentle contributor—Mr. Makeham in full song is an unexpected gift—Thelma Ruby in trill and slither, and John Faassen in a five-minute interlude as a vision of the gallant "Fairbrother" that is the gayest thing in the night. Fairbrother comes to the aid of "The Buccaneer" as he would to the aid of anything; Mr. Wilson seems to have lost himself in the last scene, a general turmoil in Trafalgar Square, but by that time nobody will bother. The object of "The Buccaneer"—bless Mr. Barracough—was to offer an "unending supply of good, clean fun," and there is plenty of this at Hammersmith.

Frontier, Fleet Street; on now to the French château of Comte Hector de Clérambard. We have not known a more fantastic farcical comedy than this for years. I do not say that "The Count of Clérambard" comes off entirely. I was a little repelled by the atmosphere in its closing scenes. But the best of the play has a wild gleam. We have to imagine that the Count, his family's terror, has had a vision of St. Francis of Assisi and become a changed man:

he is still his family's terror, but in another way. The piece is worked up rapidly to an ending uncommonly hard to predict. It is not for everybody's taste—there is a certain sourness—but Clive Brook, in a beautifully-poised bowler and acting with his usual bravura (if with little variety), Helen Haye and Mai Zetterling commend it to us, and I am at Valerie Taylor's feet, though she has the ghost of a part.



"WE HAVE NOT KNOWN A MORE FANTASTIC FARICAL COMEDY THAN THIS FOR YEARS": "THE COUNT OF CLÉRAMBARD" (GARRICK), SHOWING A SCENE FROM MARCEL AYMÉ'S PLAY IN WHICH POPPY REALISES THAT SHE REALLY LOVES OCTAVE—BUT CAN NOT KEEP HIM. (L. TO R.) LOUISE (VALERIE TAYLOR); BRIGITTE (SYLVIA CHILDS); POPPY (MAI ZETTERLING); THE COUNT (CLIVE BROOK); MAITRE GALUCHON (WENSLY PITHEY); EVELYN (NICOLA DELMAN); ETIENNETTE (LENI FREED) AND OCTAVE (ALEC MCCOWEN).

sinister and oblique. If Rupert of Hentzau or Colonel Sapt ventured along it, there would be two corpses on the border within ten seconds or so.

"The Buccaneer," which gives its name to Sandy Wilson's musical play at the Lyric, Hammersmith, was born in Ruritanian days, though the land—in the imagination of dear Mr. Barracough, Fleet Street's pride—would have been some distant jungle where Captain Fairbrother behaved as a White Man at all costs and at all times. Let me explain that "The Buccaneer" is the name of a boys' magazine, that it was founded in serene Edwardian days, and that Captain Fairbrother was the hero of its almost endless serial, 2000 instalments or so. He was a pride of the North-West Frontier, a scourge of the Khyber Pass, a terror of practically all the remoter spots on the earth's surface.

Alas, "The Buccaneer" is not what it was, and Captain Fairbrother has declined with it. Mr. Barracough is dead, though his picture hangs in a singularly sedate office above Fleet Street; and Mrs. Barracough, palpitating at the editorial desk, finds that the only chance of survival is to sell the magazine to an American tycoon. It will be a super-jet comic. Fairbrother, if he does not watch himself, will be merely a figure in a spaceman's strip. Perish the thought! But someone must act quickly, or the magazine will perish instead. I had better say at once that it does not, though it goes through an extraordinary period as a kind of children's "New Statesman," edited by a child who is a kind of educated seal, a highbrow lad of a ripe fourteen or fifteen. He looks like a snowy day in



"YVONNE MITCHELL HAS DEVELOPED A REMARKABLE EMOTIONAL POIGNANCY . . . THE WIFE, IN A DAZE OF SORROW, WILL REMAIN WITH ME LONGER THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE PLAY": YVONNE MITCHELL AS LUISA (RIGHT) IN A SCENE FROM UGO BETTI'S "THE BURNED FLOWER-BED" (ARTS), WITH (L. TO R.) ROSA (DUDY NIMMO); GIOVANNI (ALEXANDER KNOX) AND TOMASO (LEO MCKERN).

"IT IS STRAIGHT, QUICK, AND GENERALLY AMUSING": . . . SANDY WILSON'S NEW MUSICAL "THE BUCCANEER" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH), SHOWING (L. TO R.) MARILYN (PAMELA TEARLE); MRS. BARRACOUGH (BETTY WARREN); MONTGOMERY (KENNETH WILLIAMS) AND MR. DONKIN (ELIOT MAKEHAM) IN A SCENE FROM THE PLAY.

play. There are several other fine things: Alexander Knox as a man trapped, Leo McKern as a dangerous political schemer, Esmé Percy as a politician terrified and broken, and Edgar Wreford's typical resource in a part that the dramatist appears to have forgotten.

A good night then, even if we must be uncertain about the piece. There are worse things in the theatre than plain statement. Ugo Betti over-subtilises, and the method can be dangerous.

While listening to the play I remembered again the stage Ruritania we have lost. Years ago we were accustomed to wander in a world of sword-and-sabre, gorgeous uniforms, reckless Princes, desperate Dukes,

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE COUNT OF CLÉRAMBARD" (Garrick).—Marcel Aymé's comedy, in its Norman Denny translation, is based on as wild an anecdote as one can remember—that of the domestic tyrant who becomes converted by a vision, but who continues to be illogical and tyrannical in another way. Fairly amusing and acted with the proper zest. (September 6.)

"THE BUCCANEER" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Good Clean Fun! sings the editor of the struggling boys' magazine. Her tempter, an American tycoon, responds with "It's Commercial!" The battle is on, but "The Buccaneer" will not become a "super-jet": it saves its identity, and all's well both in Fleet Street and in Sandy Wilson's beguilingly simple musical play. Kenneth Williams, Betty Warren, Thelma Ruby and Eliot Makeham keep the party simmering. (September 8.)

"THE BURNED FLOWER-BED" (Arts).—We have had a lot of Ugo Betti on radio, but this is his first play on the West End stage—a drama, on the theme of responsibility, that can certainly fix an audience, but that would be improved by pruning and the loss of some of its self-conscious gloom. Yvonne Mitchell's grieving and bewildered wife-and-mother is, for me, at the core of a night that contains much appreciative acting by such artists as Alexander Knox, Leo McKern and Esmé Percy. (September 9.)

"LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS" (Duke of York's).—Edwige Feuillère had an emotional first-night reception for her portrait of Marguerite Gautier—a low-toned performance undeniably exquisite within its chosen limits (which may not be everyone's). (September 13.)

Her movement on the stage has always delighted me. Watching, I recalled a writer very different from M. Marcel Aymé: "Her treading would not bend a blade of grass."

We end our journey in Rome. I have already reviewed the Old Vic's "Julius Caesar" in detail; it has now arrived in Waterloo Road from Edinburgh. The performance is already growing; my first impressions remain constant. John Neville's subtle and eloquent Mark Antony, and the charged emotion of Wendy Hiller in her few moments as Portia, hold for me an evening in which Rome becomes a black cavern between its immense pillars; the powers of darkness seem to be governing the city after Caesar's end.



THE MALTA CONFERENCE, AND THE LAST NIGHT OF THE "PROMS."



THE OPENING OF THE ROUND-TABLE CONFERENCE TO CONSIDER THE CONSTITUTIONAL STATUS OF MALTA, UNDER THE CHAIRMANSHIP OF LORD KILMUIR.

This conference, appointed to consider closer association between the U.K. and Malta, which met first on September 19, consisted of nominees of the three main parties, who were empowered to consult representatives from Malta. The photograph shows (from left to right): Mr. K. M. Pickthorn, M.P. (Con.); Mr. D. Houghton, M.P. (Soc.); Sir P. Spens, M.P. (Con.); Lord Listowel (Soc.); Mr. A. Bevan, M.P. (Soc.); Mr. Walter Elliot, M.P. (Con.); Mr. C. R. Attlee, M.P. (Soc.); Lord Kilmuir, Lord Chancellor and Chairman; Mr. E. Melville, Secretary-General; Mr. Clement Davies, M.P. (Lib.); Mr. Chuter Ede, M.P. (Soc.); Mr. J. Griffiths, M.P. (Soc.); Mr. J. S. Maclay, M.P. (Con.); Mr. W. T. Aitken, M.P. (Con.); Mr. R. H. S. Crossman, M.P. (Soc.); the Earl of Perth (Con.); the Hon. R. F. Wood, M.P. (Con.); and two unidentified men.



THE LAST NIGHT OF THE "PROMS": SIR MALCOLM SARGENT—FROM A STREAMER-STREWN ROSTRUM—CONDUCTING THE B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA IN THE ALBERT HALL.

The sixty-first season of the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts came to an end on September 17 at the Royal Albert Hall, with the usual, and indeed traditional, ceremonies and fun—and indeed much the

same programme, except for a novelty, Weber's First Symphony, which Mr. Basil Cameron conducted. Streamers and balloons were present in quantity, and there was much cheerful singing.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THIS week's novels have a certain homogeneity. All are about aberration or disease; and as the first is French, I shall resign its introduction to a French critic. This is what M. François Mauriac wrote of "The Black Sheep," by Jacques Perry (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.):

I have been captivated by *Le Mouton Noir* as I am rarely captivated by a book nowadays. . . . We do not here find ourselves in an atmosphere which dazzles us: we are faced with an argument, a problem, the problem—particularly if we are believers—from which thought shies. *Le Mouton Noir* is the story of a child predestined to evil; a lovely and intelligent child, on whom all the graces have been bestowed, but who is marked out from birth for a life of crime. . . .

In which case, one would hardly have thought "captivating" the *mot juste*. But never mind about that; the odd thing is that M. Mauriac should see it as the case. Granted, there may be some children who are "born bad"—unaccountable, incurable moral defectives; and, if so, it is certainly a "horror of creation." But why conclude that the child in this story was born bad? Because he had an ideal, or even a good upbringing? Because, in short, he can be explained in no other way? On the contrary: his desperate father has explained him up to the hilt. Claud, to begin with, is the posthumous child of a dead marriage. The father had "known only bodies," until at thirty he became enamoured of a pure girl, and intended to start life again. But Jeanne lost him forthwith, by her recoil as a bride. "From then on I ceased to take any notice of her. She had become ugly—ugly as a grey statue of anxiety." So he retreated to his studio, leaving this "reject" to concentrate her anxieties and dread of life on the little boy. Almost before Claud can walk, she is in a moral frenzy about him, constantly rushing to her husband with fresh iniquities, of which he doesn't believe a word; till finally she gives up and expires, her last words being, "Claud is a monster." And at that point, the tepid, aloof artist is converted to fatherhood. Paternal love strikes him like lightning—to be succeeded instantly by a deluge of awful truth. There seems to be nothing his delightful boy has not done, in a gamut of wickedness ranging from theft to obscene libel and the torture of cats. But why, why, wails the distracted father; and he remains at sea, even when a schoolmate has explained the cause in words of one syllable. However, he resolves to grapple with it. His plan is to isolate the "black sheep" on a mountain-top, become a radiantly good man, and save Claud's soul by undiluted contact and concentration. And for a time it seems to work. The father does redeem himself; the boy is affectionate and responsive. Then the sky changes . . . till in the end, after a hideous *dégringolade*, they are within an ace of murdering each other.

That comes of slighting psychiatry. Even M. Mauriac thinks that the father was wrong, and that the child should have been "treated" (though if he was born bad, one can't exactly see how). An artificial, rather fantastic set-up; but an original and brilliant narrative.

OTHER FICTION.

"Not as a Stranger," by Morton Thompson (Michael Joseph; 18s.), though of enormous length, can be described in few words; it is the Great American Medical Novel. At the outset, Lucas Marsh is a small boy, trailing the local doctors like a puppy-dog. He has not chosen Medicine (always with a capital); simply, he has identified it as the meaning of life. His father feels exactly the same about business; indeed, they are as like as two peas—ruthlessly dedicated, with a devouring sensuality in their off moments. Luke means to possess "all Medicine"; Job won't be satisfied until he owns the whole world. And neither of them can imagine the other's point. Luke, therefore, has to fight his way to college—where he is stranded by his father's bankruptcy. So he marries the head operation-room nurse. Kristina is a "dumb Swede"; she is beneath him socially; but she can "put him through Medicine." Afterwards he becomes assistant in a small-town practice. And there his disillusion sets in; it is revealed to him that people are poor stuff, and—infinitely worse—that doctors are a mixed bag. He thought they acquired sanctity and infallibility with their M.D. This notion might be suitable in a child of five; but in a full-grown man it strikes one as less idealistic than half-witted. And meanwhile, he is being disgusting to his wife because she says "ain't."

Not an attractive paladin; but, then, there is so much to back him up. Medicine in every guise—doctors and hospitals, patients, malpractices and epidemics—a perfect mountain of incident.

"Come Fill the Cup," by Rosalind Wade (Macdonald; 12s. 6d.), explores one lonely "case." Hester Diane Revell is an attractive, still-young woman, well-born, well-bred, with enough money, a charming little flat, and a schoolboy son whom she adores. Yet she is also an alcoholic. Thus far she has been able to keep it dark; but now the boy finds her unconscious, and she has reached the stage of being blushed for and rallied round; of the "aversion cure," the mental hospital, the "Minnymaur Nature Clinic." . . . Brief pauses, sickening acceleration: at last, the starved drunk in the gutter. This frightful odyssey has a completely authentic air; indeed, it is half story, half tract. And very properly, it ends with a solution for Hester.

"The Hammersmith Maggot," by William Mole (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 9s. 6d.), has an unusual plot: and as its sleuth, a wine-merchant, clubman and connoisseur with a taste for human oddities. It is most odd that an impeccable banker should be getting wildly drunk in Cane's; and Casson sets himself to worm out the cause. Lockyer, he learns, has just been blackmailed: by a dim little man, who bleeds each victim only once, always for something he hasn't done, and who is so insignificant as to be untraceable. With the aid of his fat friend Superintendent Strutt, Casson gets after him, spies on him from across the street, frequents his local, watches him preparing another coup. . . . It can't be proved; and so the quarry must be "frightened into hanging himself." This is done brilliantly; so is the anatomy of the "little man"; but it evokes a slight moral squeamishness.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ANCIENT EGYPT; MODERN BRAZIL; NEW GUINEA; TUSCANY.

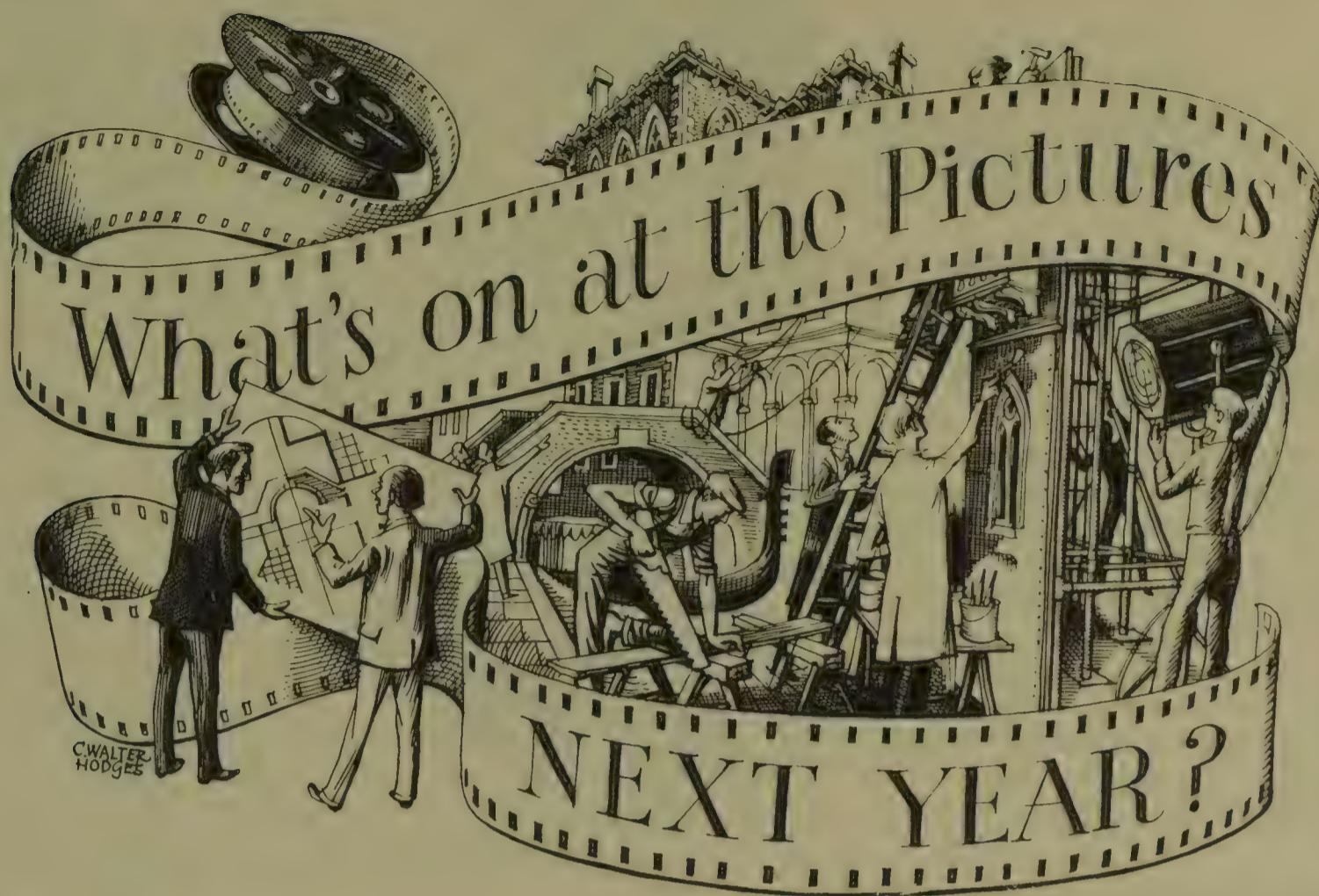
I MUST confess that I have at times regarded the subject of Egyptology as fascinating, alarming and chilly. The Pyramids—in spite of Charles Mackay's love-lorn hero—are large, but forbidding. There is a rather unpleasant expression on the battered face of the Sphinx. The aspect of an all-too-well-preserved mummy is anything but benign. For the rest, ancient Egypt seems to evoke nothing but a pageant of priest-kings (rather shockingly espoused to their sisters), rich tombs, strange gods, stranger hieroglyphs, and troops of slaves wearing odd costumes and marching in attitudes which would arouse comment on the square at Caterham. However, several books which I have reviewed recently have helped to explain to the English reading public that the ancient Egyptians were human beings, and not a collection of ill-disposed mages with an unrivalled facility for post-mortem cursing. This has been the aim of Mr. Leonard Cottrell in his latest book, "Life Under the Pharaohs" (Evans; 16s.)—and very well he has carried it out. He reconstructs the family life of a noble of the eighteenth dynasty, the Vizier Rekhmire, who actually existed, and whose tomb is particularly rich in paintings and inscriptions. It is admirably done. We see the Vizier at work, and he reminds us of a harassed Under-Secretary of State or Colonial Governor. We see him giving a dinner party, and although the wives of top-ranking Civil Servants do not, in our day, usually collapse in public from alcoholic excess, it is a relief to find that individuals of that great race were not always as hieratic as we had supposed. Their children, too, lived ordinary lives—loving, quarrelling, disappointing their parents, hunting, spending too much money, and wanting to exchange into a better regiment. At school they used copy-books with the same tedious maxims—although, so far as I can recollect, highly-flavoured warnings against the frequentation of houses of ill-fame were never set to us as "lines." Perhaps the strongest impression that Mr. Cottrell contrives to give us is that of the lyrical romanticism which prevailed in the civilisation of which he gives us so remarkable a picture. There is something here of early Provence and of the *Roman de la Rose*, which will always make me think kindlier of those gold-encrusted princesses in their ponderous sepulchres.

It is a long step from high civilisation of the past to a low tribal savagery of to-day, from ancient Egypt to the jungles of modern Brazil. In "Matto Grosso Adventure" (William Kimber; 16s.) the young French explorer, Raymond Maufrais, tells of his first Brazilian expedition to attempt to contact the Chavantes, the killer Indians who have so far murdered or driven out all the white men who have approached them. We have met M. Maufrais before. He is that exceptionally brilliant, courageous and sensitive writer whose "Journey Without Return" won such high praise when it was first published in this country in 1953. The author has disappeared without trace, and much of the power of his diary lay in his tragic fate and in the spirit in which he recognised and met it. Inevitably, therefore, his new book, which records an earlier expedition from which he returned in safety, falls rather flat. It is difficult to give M. Maufrais his due. Had he lived, I believe that he would have been one of the most outstanding travel-writers of all time. The Brazilian jungle is unpleasant in the extreme, and M. Maufrais spares his readers nothing of its unpleasantness. His account of an insect-tormented night makes one shudder with disgust. There is nothing very romantic about the Indians, half-breeds and others, with whom the expedition had to deal, and M. Maufrais observes them with a clear and critical eye. He is often repelled, but never loses his interest or a kind of deep, unspoken compassion. He can understand and appreciate what he dislikes with every movement of his mind and every nerve in his body. And all this he conveys to his readers with a casual, effortless skill. It is almost incredible that when he began his "Matto Grosso Adventure" he was only nineteen.

A book on a similar theme, but in rather a different style, is Mr. Colin Simpson's "Adam in Plumes" (Angus and Robertson; 21s.). His subject is the natives of the wilds of New Guinea, and he has collated the finds of the missionaries and anthropologists who have been most closely concerned with the tribes of these regions. The book is beautifully illustrated with coloured plates, which help the reader to visualise some of the more exotic birds and beasts, as well as the equally exotic natives in their ceremonial plumes. One fact recorded by Mr. Simpson startled me very much. His authority is a well-known anthropologist, Dr. K. E. Read, who explains that many young men of the Gahuku-Gama tribe appear to suffer from anxiety neuroses and peptic ulcers between the age of sixteen and twenty-six. This is due, no doubt, to the sexual customs of the tribe, which are, by any standards, deplorable. But the fact confirms what I had always suspected, that the "noble savage" was one of the sillier inventions handed down by the eighteenth-century philosophers to the nineteenth-century scientists. If the noble savages of New Guinea are going about in need of boiled-fish diets and psychiatric treatment, then another illusion has been shattered for ever, and not before it was time. I had believed, too, that it required the resources of our artificial civilisation to reduce our mental and physical constitutions to so low a level, and it is heartening, in a grim kind of way, to find that these unlovely results can be produced without the whole paraphernalia of alcohol, tobacco, motor-cars, aeroplanes, business worries and the plaintive cry of the telephone.

For my last book this week I have chosen Mr. Edward Hutton's leisurely and cultured tour of "Siena and Southern Tuscany" (Hollis and Carter; 21s.). There are few better-known writers on Italy, and those who like to do their travelling vicariously will find Mr. Hutton an amiable and intelligent guide. It is over twenty years since I travelled in the regions described in this book, but it occurs to me that the references to war damage and loss are remarkably few for a territory which saw such hard fighting during the war. In any case, Mr. Hutton has given us a very pleasant mixture of guide-book information, history, legend and personal anecdote.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



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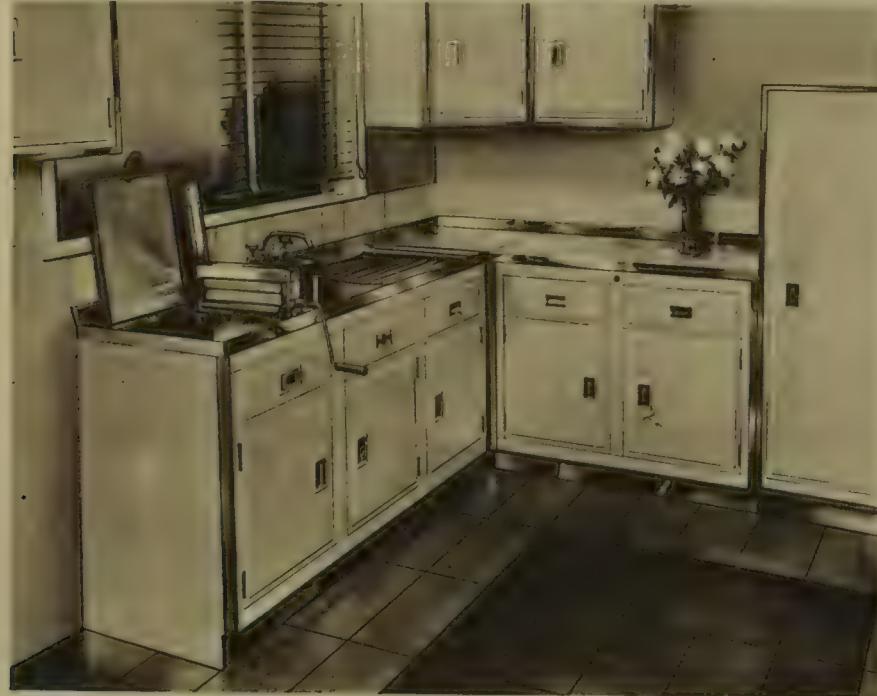
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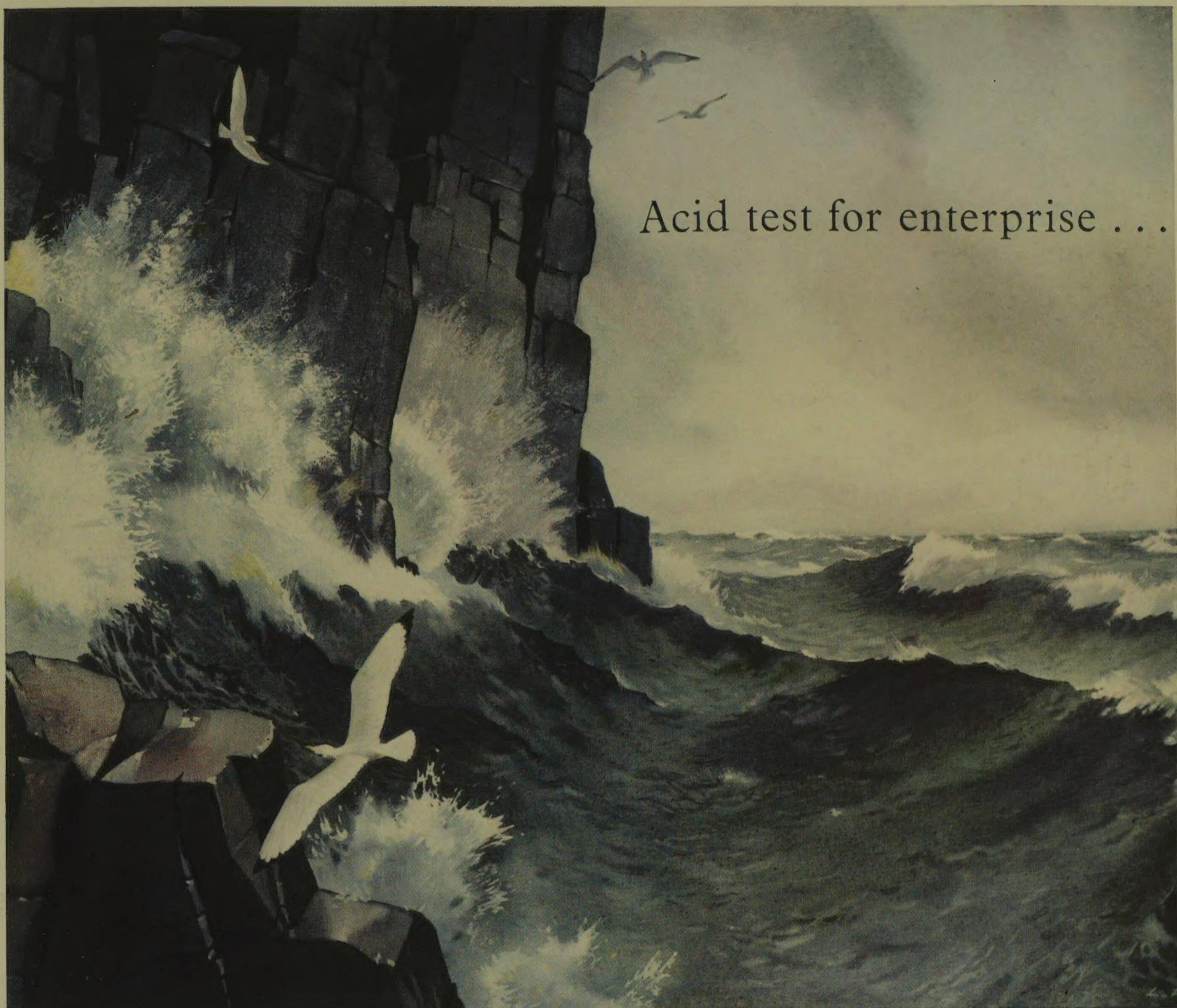
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